No. 244.—Vol. XIX.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, August 5, 1908

	PAGE
Frontispiece	263
The World's Pageant	265
A Departing Ambassador and a Visiting Sultan	272
The Playhouses	274
Can British Sculpture Hold Its Own?	277
Wig and Gown	278
Continental Chat	280
Random Jottings	283
Kit for Campers—A Timely Interview	284
Race Week at Cowes	286
Our Worldly Short Stories: No. 141.—"Upon the Waters." By Archibald Sullivan	288
The Library	296
A Woman's Note Book	298
Golf Notes and Notions By Ernest Lehmann	301
Automobile Topics	308
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	312

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

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Photo *Rita Martin*

A SUMMER BLOSSOM

Marigold, the elder daughter of Lady Angela Forbes

The Usual People at Cowes

SOME WELL-KNOWN YACHTSMEN ON THE JETTY

The Marquis Camden
Owner of *Calamara*, 313 tons

Lord Leith
Who owns the 582 tonner *Miranda*

The Duke of Sutherland
Owner of *Catania* and *Lisette*, on board the latter of which he is staying

The Marquis of Ormonde (left) and the Duke of Leeds
Commodore and Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron

Photos

In Which of Them?
The Hon. C. S. Rolls, whose rôles are chiefly those of balloonist, motorist and motor-boat racer. Will he organise a Cowes Balloon Regatta?

Sport and General.

The Earl of Crawford
Who owns *Valhalla* a steam yacht of 1,490 tons

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Goodwood

Goodwood throughout was altogether delightfully warm, with not too much sun, and with perfect light from a racing point of view. The Queen was looking, if possible, more beautiful than ever. She wore a white hat, raised a little at one side, trimmed with drooping lavender-coloured flowers, the shape of which suited her perfectly. Her dress was of muslin of the same shade. The King was in a grey frock suit and grey top-hat, and wore a small red flower. Top-hats were the order of the day owing to the presence of her Majesty. Their shapes and kinds are almost as curious to notice as the hats of the womenfolk. Lord Carvarvon had a particularly neat-shaped grey one, which, with his pink shirt, green tie with large pink spots, and brown-topped boots, made a striking *ensemble*.

* * *

Scattered and Yet Mixed

Goodwood is unlike any other race-meeting in the very people are scattered, and yet so much mixed up. The Queen has her pavilion, the King has his box overlooking the Paddock. The *élite* have their lunch-tables beautifully set out under the trees at the far end of the lawn, but as none of the "finishes" can be seen from there, the Paddock (which is near the judge's box, and close to the King's box and the Members' Enclosure) is crowded, and the few benches placed there are labelled with the names of those who have secured them by right or might. Lady de Bathe, in a beautiful Paisley-patterned Shantung dress of blue and brown, and hat to match, had one of those coveted seats. Lady Juliet Duff, standing near, was talking to Lord Vivian. She looked very handsome in a blue silk coat over white muslin and greeny hat and feather boa. Lady Crofton, talking animatedly to Sir Charles Hartopp, was all in white, and Lady Mar and Kellie was also in white with large hat of mixed hydrangeas. There was great excitement when the King won the Ham Stakes with his filly, Princesse de Galles; he repeatedly took off his hat in response to the applause. The Queen was standing at his side at the time, and had been much interested in the race, keeping field-glasses up the whole time. Mrs. George Keppel wore very tight, clinging blue soft satin with little inlets of pink about the bodice, giving a curious effect from the distance, while Lady Helen Gordon Lennox wore simple white muslin.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

LAST WEEK'S OLYMPIC REGATTA

Watching the events from the punts. The attendance was, on the whole, better than was anticipated—in fact, Henley looked almost itself, and the racing, having an international interest, was more exciting than at the earlier regatta. Our photograph shows the British crew (Magdalen College, Oxford) beating the Canadian Argonauts in the Fours

Some Personages of the Moment

Happy on Board

Cowes supplies the finale to the Royal party's season's pleasure, and the King and Queen in the *Victoria and Albert* are, as usual, happy on the water. The King once said that never is he "happier than on board." The little town is, as usual, full of pride, and prices are equally inflated. The best people are in residence once again, and the Duke of Leeds, the Marquis of Ormonde, the Duke of Sutherland, the Earl and Countess of Normanton, and Captain Wemyss (the new Commodore of the Royal Yachts) are about a good deal. Lord Wandsworth, taking things seriously as usual, has presented a magnificent cup. The trophy is to be competed for annually at the Squadron Regatta, and has to be won by the same owner three years in succession. Of course, Lord Llangattock is also in evidence in the *Santa Maria*, and it is to be hoped that any balloon ascents organised by his son, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, will not prove as abortive as those of last year.

* * *

The Gossipiness of Cowes

The smartest women seem to be everywhere, and "trotter" gowns are mostly worn. The eternal serges are this season varied much by the coloured linens so much in vogue. Of course, Tam o' Shanters and sailor hats are always popular, but the headgear 7ft. in circumference is not wanted, excepting, perhaps, on the lawn of the Yacht Squadron. Cowes is a great relaxation to the King, for he dearly loves the gossipy little town, where more reputations are made and unmade than at any other season place. Tea on the green lawn of the Club is an excuse for talk, and there many a social plot is hatched. I know of one notable divorce during the last year which had its beginning and its end at Cowes.

Photo *Russell*

Prominent at Cowes

Captain Rosslyn Wemyss, the new Commodore of the Royal Yachts, is in residence at Cowes for the Regatta, among a host of well-known people

Photo *Beresford*

Lady Eileen Wellesley

Daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington. One of the most admired *jeunes filles* of the season. She has been positively everywhere with her mother, from whom she is distinguished by her simplicity of dress and manner

Photo *Annie Bell*

The Countess of Norbury

Née Miss Lucy Ellis, cousin of Lord Howard de Walden. Her marriage last week with the Earl of Norbury brought her many presents of diamonds, to add to her wonderful collection of the same jewels

The King's "Cure"

The King leaves London on Monday for Marienbad, which has quite wrested the Royal favour from Homburg, once the beloved Bad of his Majesty. As he stayed at Ritter's Hotel at Homburg so many seasons in succession, the proprietors rebuilt a portion of it to suit the King's taste. Once completed, at much expense, and the Royal approval obtained, the King left to return no more. One of the most-liked of men in attendance on the King is Colonel Fritz Ponsonby. He is personally agreeable, courteous, and smart, and runs General Sir Stanley Clarke (a delightful man) very close in the King's favour. He generally accompanies the Royal party abroad; in fact, he is the approved Continental member of the Household. Colonel Ponsonby married a very sweet girl some years ago, who goes out a great deal in Society.

* * *

Jewels, Jewels, Everywhere!

The Norbury-Ellis wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, was a smart end-of-the-season marriage of the *richissime* order. The Earl of Norbury has made a good match in the rich cousin of the still richer Lord Howard de Walden. The presents were of the most valuable order, and the lucky bride has had diamonds showered upon her from all directions. The bridegroom presented her with diamond necklaces, shoulder-straps, and hair and corsage ornaments, and she inherited a wonderful collection of the same jewels not very long ago. One necklace was the cause of an action in the Courts soon after the death of Miss Lucy Ellis's aged relative, the Duchesse de Sermoneta. Lord Howard de Walden has lent Audley End for the honeymoon. It is a grand old place, and a beautiful view is gained from the front of this lordly mansion. It is quite suitable for a sojourn of the newly-wedded, with all their lovers' ideals still fresh, and their idols unbroken.

Photo *Beisonnas and Taponier*

The "Continental Member" of the King's Household

Popular Colonel Fritz Ponsonby, Equerry and Assistant Private Secretary to his Majesty, whom he generally accompanies abroad, and with whom he is going to Marienbad next week

Goodwood: Some People There

TOP-HATTED

Photo Illustrations Bureau
The Hon. Mrs. George Keppel
In tight, clinging blue soft satin

Photo *Sport and General*
His Majesty Chatting in the Paddock

AFTER ALL!

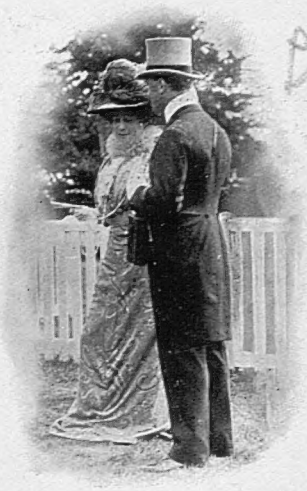


Photo Illustrations Bureau
Lady de Bathe (with Lord Dalmeny)
In Paisley-patterned Shantung of blue and brown

The Queen *Photo* **In the Royal Box** *Sport and General*

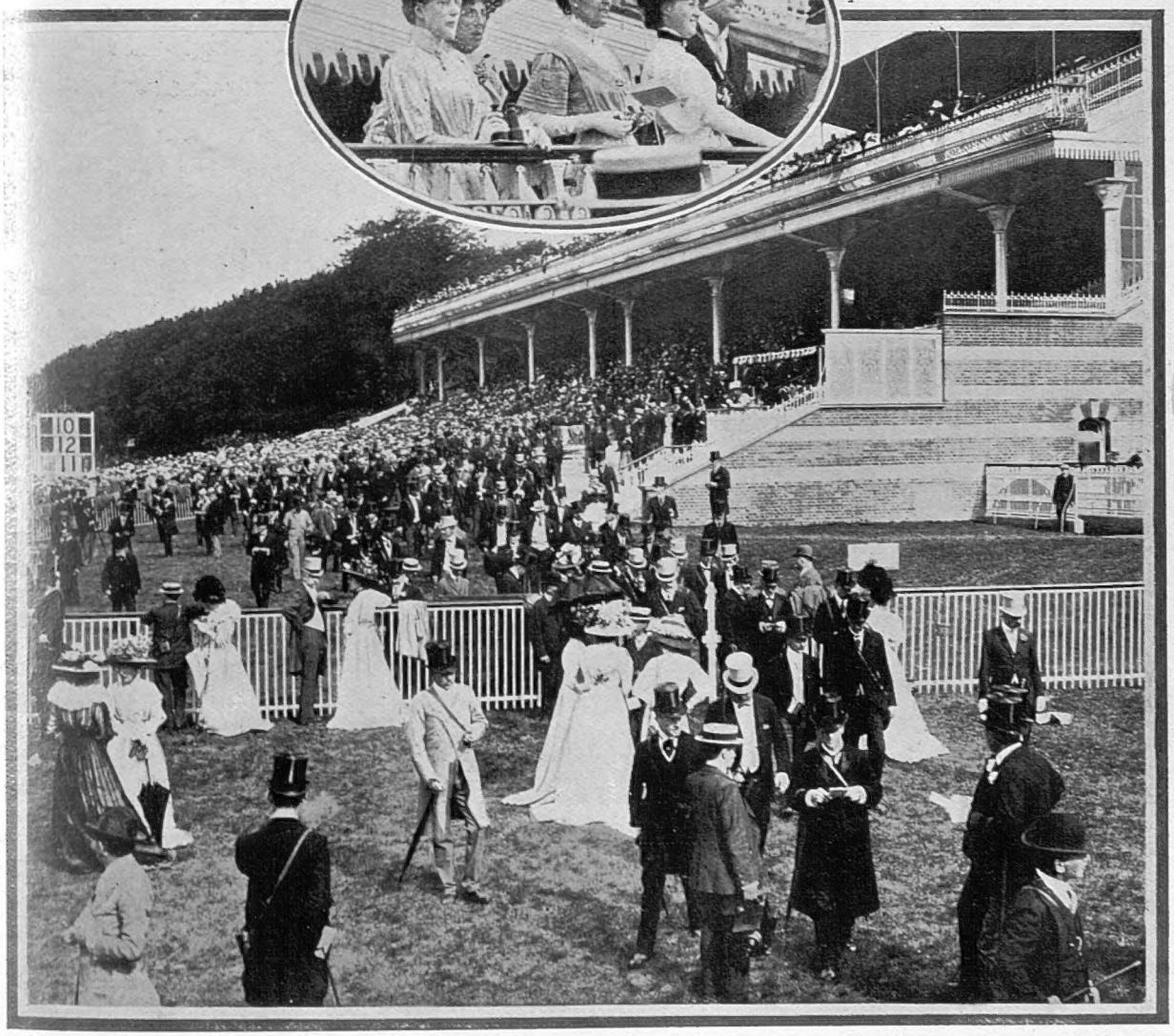


Photo *Bolak*

The Crowd Leaving the Members' Enclosure for the Paddock

Goodwood quite justified its alliterative epithet at its opening last week, for the weather and the attendance were all that could be desired. The presence of the Queen and Princess Victoria was the occasion for even smarter gowns than those usually seen at the meeting, though the masculine element to some slight extent exercised its privilege of holiday attire, allowed at Goodwood even in the Enclosure

Queen Victoria En Famille

Fashionable Fatigue

The season is over! With a sigh of weariness the hard-worked Society woman reviews the situation. An eternal round of pleasure, balls, *recherché* dinners, lunches at Jules, the Opera, the Row, the "fittings" at Paquin's, or wherever else is the mode of the moment; then those teas at Rumpelmayer's, where the débutante daughter met the eligible *parti;* a new and luxurious motor-car, so much criticised and envied by the dear friends who came to see her in Mayfair—all and everything has been done; and more, there is Cowes to follow, and then the cure at Marienbad or some equally fictitious resting Bad, where the same round eternally meets the *femme-à-la-mode.*

* * *

Some Smart Entertaining

The best people have not stinted their friends of lavish entertainment, and the Duchesses of Wellington, Sutherland, and Westminster gave big parties, while Lady Londesborough did her best in her own way. Louise, Duchess of Devonshire was, of course, missed; but Lady Lansdowne and Lady Londonderry, on the Conservative side, as well as Lady Portsmouth and the minor social lights of the Radical party, came out in great brilliancy.

* * *

Mrs. Asquith's Taste for Royalty

The Premier's wife showed a distinct taste for Royalty, her first official party being honoured by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mrs. Asquith was also very noticeable at parties *de préference* where Royalty appeared; in fact, the daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant evidently understands the meaning of kow-tow—and Kings, Queens, and Princelings are quite to her taste.

* * *

Who Are the Pretty Debutantes?

There was a dearth of good looks among the girl competitors for this season's palm of beauty. Of course, birth goes a long way towards a reputation for looks, and riches are an eternal key to panegyrics of loveliness; but, looked at in its true light, it is really youth, the *beauté du Diable,* which leads. Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, the Duke of Rutland's young daughter, Lady Irene Denison, and Lady Eileen Wellesley were among the number much admired, Lady Eileen particularly holding her own for prettiness and graceful appearance.

* * *

Haggerston's Three R's

Elections are so much more exhilarating when a pretty woman is in the thick of them. The Hon. Rupert Guinness's opponents defended their position by saying it was not the candidate but his wife they were fighting! The motor-car, too, is a valuable adjunct to up-to-date electioneering. Mr. Guinness worked hard in a big yellow car bearing the words "Rally Round Rupert." I note the usual kissing incident for votes did not put Lady Gwendolen Guinness in the unpleasant predicament of enduring the forced osculatory salute for electioneering purposes.

* * *

Too Much Joel

The Sievier case resolved itself against Mr. Jack Joel. It seems but a short time since Mr. Solly Joel was on the Old Bailey legal menu with von Veltheim as his *pièce de résistance* (very resistant!). Now, it was Jack Joel, in the witness-box, on the Turf, in the newspapers—everywhere! Mr. Jack Joel has just pocketed nearly £20,000 from good wins, for Fortune is proverbially blind, and the racecourse belongs to everyone—given a good horse and fulfilment of the rules.

* * *

Rouge et Noir

The Joels love sport, and the riches left them by relatives have enabled them to "spurt" on the Turf—and elsewhere. "Woolfie" Joel, who left Jack (or is it

Photo *Nuevo Mundo*

A Motherly Queen: Her Majesty of Spain with Her Two Sons

A charming domestic scene snapshotted at La Granja. Queen Victoria, who is shortly coming to pay us a visit, with King Alfonso, is holding her youngest son in her arms. The Prince of Asturias (in the very English-looking "pram") is not wearing uniform this time

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

"Rally Round Rupert"

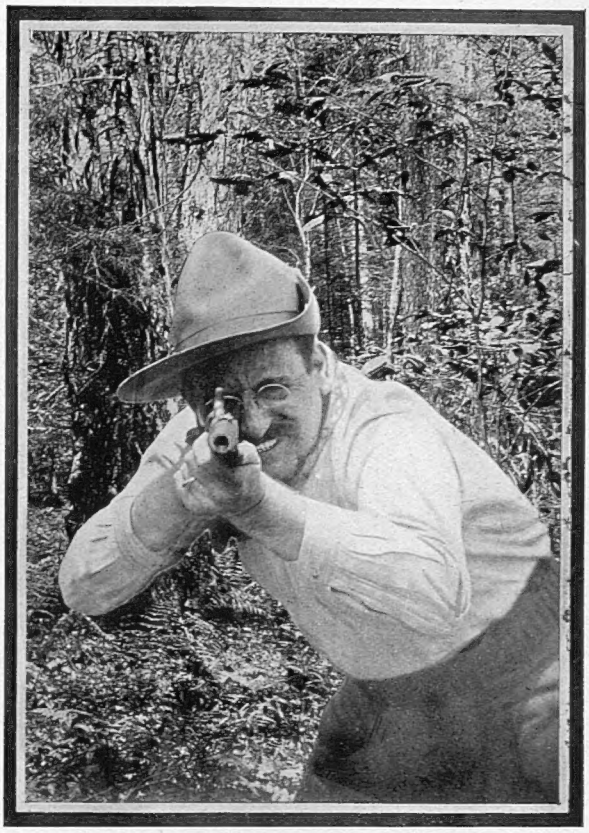
Haggerston's Unionist Champion, the Hon. Rupert Guinness, waving his hat to his supporters in the course of a tour of the constituency

WHAT WILL TEDDY DO?

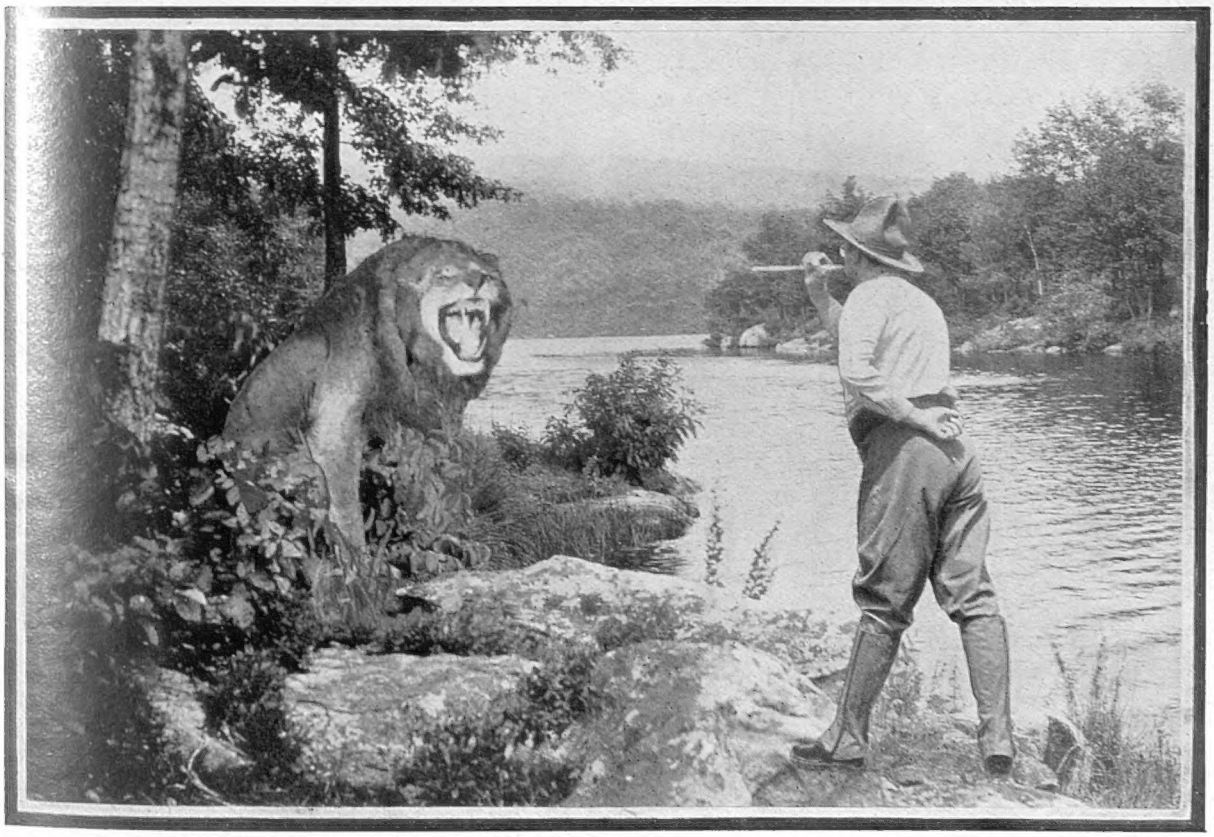
When Billy Takes Over the Job

SOME PHOTOGRAPHIC FORECASTS OF HOW MR. ROOSEVELT WILL SPEND HIS LEISURE

Lion Clubbing on the Skirts of the Jungle



Drawing a Bead on (perhaps) an Okapi



Photos] Pouring a Volley into the Open Mouth of an Accommodating and Smiling Lion [*L.E.A.*

President Roosevelt's approaching change of rôle in November next has tempted our photographer to forecast some of the activities of Teddy's strenuous tour through Darkest Africa—a history of which, by the way, has already been arranged for by an American firm of publishers at the rate of a dollar a word. Trust-busting will, no doubt, give place to lion clubbing, and licking the railway magnates to hunting the wily okapi—we hope with far worse results to the victims

The Not-Guiltiness of Bob Sievier

Isaac?) Joel so much wealth, dearly loved a gamble at Monte Carlo, and on one occasion fêted a big "win" at the tables of Charley's Mount by a dinner at the Savoy in London. Everything was decorated in the winning colours, and the Rouge-et-Noir dinner was much talked of—because, forsooth, it cost a pretty penny!

* * *

Barney Barnato's Ambition

Another late-lamented relative of the Joels, who died sensationally by drowning on the high seas, was Barney Barnato, who had a distinct enlargement of the cranium. Not satisfied with rapid financial success, he endeavoured to gain laurels by essaying dramatic authorship with Haddon Chambers; fortunately (perhaps for Mr. Chambers) this never came off.

* * *

Mr. Solly Again

Mr. Solly Joel has a peculiar yearning for the beautiful. Not so long ago he elected to have the glittering gilding removed from his drawing-room in Great Stanhope Street, and commissioned Roumy to decorate it in the pure French Louis period. When all was ready, he was led in to admire, whereupon, gazing earnestly at the pictures just hung upon the walls, and adopting the air of a connoisseur, Mr. Solly Joel said, "But these pictures have no signature." "They are copies of Old Masters" was the reply. "Well," Mr. Joel indignantly ejaculated, "then why were not their names written on these copies?" History is silent.

"Jack": Mr. J. B. Joel

Prosecutor in the great blackmailing action against Mr. R. Sievier, which resulted in the acquittal of the prisoner. The cross-examination of Mr. Joel and Mr. Mills by Mr. Rufus Isaacs was largely responsible for the verdict

* * *

Peace Again!

A peace conference assembled in London last week and was duly blessed by his Majesty in one of his inevitably happy speeches. I hope the worthy gentlemen who assembled had a good time, and did not unduly bore each other. As London is a very large place they certainly did not succeed in boring anybody else, for they were left most appropriately in perfect peace by the general public. Really is it not almost time we stopped talking such a lot

Mr. Sievier

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

"Bob": Mr. Sievier, defendant in the recent trial, leaving the Court for his cab during a luncheon interval. He was each day greeted with cheers by the crowds which lined the Old Bailey, especially after the last hearing, which resulted in a verdict of "Not Guilty"

Victim of a "Raffles" Mystery?

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond St.*

MRS. MARSHALL ROBERTS, A BEAUTIFUL LONDON HOSTESS, WHO LOST HER NECKLACE AT A BALL

At one of the most brilliant balls of the London season, Mrs. Marshall Roberts, a beautiful and well-known hostess, lost a diamond and pearl collarette under circumstances which suggest a "Raffles" adventure. At supper she placed the necklet, which is worth £300, on the table. On leaving the table she forgot it for a moment, but on her return to fetch it, it had mysteriously disappeared. Perhaps, like some other lost jewels, it will reappear as mysteriously?

A Departing Ambassador and a Visiting Sultan

about Peace? One is becoming more and more convinced of the Bismarckian conviction that the best way to secure peace is to be prepared for war, and the best man to preserve peace is the diplomat behind whom looms a large army and a large navy. Why not leave it to them and have done with these busybody congresses? The idea that international assemblies of any kind do the State good in promoting peace is one which is rapidly being blown into splinters. More bad blood was caused between otherwise friendly nations by the last Olympic Games than by all the diplomatic incidents, in the last ten years together.

* * *

No More Olympic Games!

It is far easier to forget a Fashoda or a Tangier episode than a disqualification in a race or a foul, and such things are bound to happen in the best conducted of games. I sincerely hope that never, in my lifetime at any rate, will there be another Olympic Games in London, and I should take it very calmly if a law were passed making international gatherings of all kinds a punishable offence. The appearance of a foreign athlete on our coasts should be made a misdemeanour, while the assembly of any number of them, in any given place, should render the convener liable to prosecution by the police as a disorderly person. The only consolation about the Games is that, for some reason or other, we do not seem to have fallen foul of Germany.

* * *

A Change of Japs

That Japan sends us of her best in the way of Ambassadors is proved not only by the recent reign of Baron Komura at the Japanese Embassy, but also by the fact that he is to be succeeded by Viscount Hayashi. The latter comes from the Mikado's Foreign Office, to which Baron Komura returns, to appear again on the scene of his triumphs as Foreign Minister during the great war. Baron Komura and Viscount Hayashi have done two of the biggest things in modern history. It was the former, of course, who negotiated the Peace of Portsmouth with Count Witte. It was the latter who negotiated the Anglo-Japanese Treaty with Lord Lansdowne.

Photo *Park*

Baron Komura Starts for Japan

The Japanese Ambassador to St. James's has just left us to make way for the reappearance as Ambassador of Viscount Hayashi. Our photograph shows Baron Komura leaving the Embassy for Victoria Station

Photo *Underwood and Underwood*

The Sultan of Zanzibar, Now on a Visit to London

Ali Syed, Sultan of Zanzibar, is 22 years of age, and is the lineal descendant of a long line of warriors who, for centuries, controlled the East Coast of Africa. He was educated in England. He speaks French and English fluently

* * *

"Young Zanzibar"

The young Sultan of Zanzibar, now renewing acquaintance with his London friends, is a remarkable product of the British Empire. He is, perhaps, the most British of dusky rulers. His tastes in sport incline to riding, shooting, and boating, and in literature to Browning and Tennyson, both of whom he has translated into his native tongue. "Young Zanzibar," as he is often called, was educated at Harrow and Oxford. He has travelled all over Europe and most of Africa, and has pilgrimaged to Mecca.

* * *

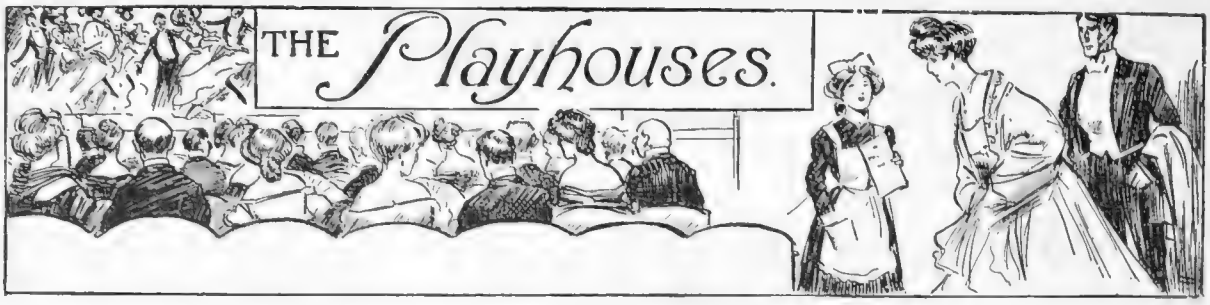
A Charitable Countess

The Countess of Warwick, once so prominent a figure in Society's gay round, seems to have quite deserted the *feu follet* of fashion for the more placid walks of charity, ever a heart-easing retreat from the silly world, as at least one young Duchess has recently discovered. Though we are not yet threatened with an epidemic of the charitable mode among either our Duchesses or Countesses, yet the charming rôle certainly shows signs of an ever-increasing cult, apart from those who combine charity with gaiety. The consolations of suburban bazaars, such as her Grace of Marlborough has been cultivating of late, must be less limited than one would suppose, and who can tell the soul-salve of the Countess of Warwick's children's tea-parties and horticultural gatherings?

Quite the Lady Bountiful—Now

LADY WARWICK, WHO IS LESS SEEN IN SOCIETY THAN FORMERLY, AT A CHARACTERISTIC FUNCTION

Namely, the Studley Horticultural College Prize-giving last week at Studley Castle, Warwickshire. The College was founded by the Countess for the training of the daughters of professional men in horticulture and dairying



By EGAN MEW

The Cult of Simplicity

Those theatres which remain open are finding plenty of visitors this August when the town is full of foreign and provincial playgoers. Among all the successful presentations of the last few weeks none grew more popular in a short space of time than the simple yet sophisticated dancing of Miss Duncan and her graceful company at the Duke of York's, which, unfortunately, came to an end last week, after Miss Duncan's engagement having been twice extended. Side by side with the general acceptance of these innocent expressions of rhythm in music and dancing, this simple life of the senses, as shown on the stage, comes to hand one of Mr. Gordon Craig's lectures on theatrical reform. In the present issue of *The Mask* he preaches his evangel at great length, but with no small skill. His simplification of stage effects, his suggestion of masks for the actors, and his whole system of reform, should be read by all interested in the drama. If it does not convince, it will, at least, awaken new hopes and ideas.

Photo *Padgett*

Mr. Gordon Craig

Who gives expression to some of his views on the need for stage simplicity in the current number of *The Mask*. Incidentally, he advocates the adoption of masks for the actor. What would some of our musical-comedy queens say to this?

Experimentalist and Theorist

Of course, Mr. Gordon Craig is well known as an experimentalist as well as a theorist. A few years ago, I think, he was in management in Great Queen Street, and every now and again his gifted mother, Miss Ellen Terry, has made some effort to adapt his radical reforms to a conservative stage. On the Continent, Mr. Craig seems to have had greater successes than in England. That is always the way our geniuses drift away from their native shores and give to mankind what was intended for a nation. But, on the other hand, how many, almost too many, gifted artists the Continental peoples send to us!

The Rise of the One-Act Play

The marked advance in the quality of one-act plays produced during the past season is its most agreeable feature. The epoch-making dramatist is still to come, but as regards the short piece, several seen this year are likely to live. But if they survive, it will be, I think, to the advantage and with the aid of the music-halls rather than the theatres. Already Mr. Bourchier is speaking of short plays such as *The Ninth Waltz*, and *A Marriage has been Arranged* for the Palace, and I have heard that *Feed the Brute*, by "George Paston," may go on there, and others are in the air.

Thrills at the Empire

The management of the Empire have added an excellent thrill to their programme. Although Miss Norah Keith's version of the Grand Guignol success, *After the Opera*, does not grip one quite so fully as the French version did, it is excellent in its way and sure to succeed. Everybody knows the story of the jealous husband, the wife who loves another, the other who does not want to love and can't help it—and the burglar who brings about so awful a catastrophe. As they appear at the Empire, with the beautiful Miss D'Alroy as the bejewelled wife, with the handsome and accomplished Mr. Bryant as the unwilling and unfortunate lover, with Mr. Robert Pateman as the husband, they interest every moment of the play. No such excellent "dramatic episode" has been seen on the music-hall stage in my day. As a rule, such things are so badly written and badly played that *After the Opera* shines like a good deed in a naughty world.

Another Strong Piece

As it happens, the Empire's neighbour, the Hippodrome, has also put on a very attractive little play this week. This is the Japanese version of the piece seen some time ago at the Duke of York's, in which Miss Chase acted. *Otake*, as it is called, is the name of the maid-servant who plays at being her mistress, with tragic results. Mme. Hanako acts this

A Looked-for Return

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS JULIA NEILSON

Who, playgoers will be glad to hear, has now recovered from her recent illness. She will not be seen in London, however, till the production of a new play, which will probably be called "Henry of Navarre," at the New Theatre early in the New Year

A Beautiful Thriller

character throughout with extraordinary passion and delicacy. As all the parts are played in Japanese, and the story is familiar and clearly told in the "argument," it is very easy to enjoy the skill of the performance without being bothered by any defects. As it stands, in its delightful Japanese setting, it is one of the most charming performances in London. The production of these two pieces at neighbouring houses makes one hope that in future the banal and trivial will occasionally give place to the powerful and artistic in the splendid theatres devoted to variety entertainments.

Some Private Views

It must be an open secret that Mrs. Glyn's *Three Weeks* play was received with immense applause the other day by her friends. The idea was to discover if the piece as it stood would suit the American market. There is no doubt that with a few alterations it could be made to attract in almost any part of the world; but, for the moment, there are candours and things of that sort in it which do not come very pleasantly from the stage. At the matinée Mrs. Glyn enacted her own heroine, the Queen, with some skill, and Mr. Pateman and Mr. Charles Bryant —who are both playing so cleverly at the Empire just now—gave, with half a dozen other professionals, excellent support to the author. Interesting as *Three Weeks* appears on the stage, I have no doubt it could be made infinitely better.

Also in Camera

The Alhambra management were good enough to introduce to the Press the other day an American lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Tomson, in a sort of scene now called the "Master Mystery." After all precautions were taken to prevent the ordinary conjuring business, Mrs. Tomson retired to a cabinet in sight of the audience and produced things. A cheery looking little cockatoo, some small birds, some real flowers, and a great many yards of white tulle were all evolved from nothing. Mr. Tomson told us that the scientific world was interested in these manifestations. I envy the scientific world. EGAN MEW

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Evelyn D'Alroy

The beautiful and clever Lady Lulu Devas, in the "thriller" at the Empire, *After the Opera*, adapted by Miss Norah Keith from the Grand Guignol success

Fascinating "Madama Butterfly"

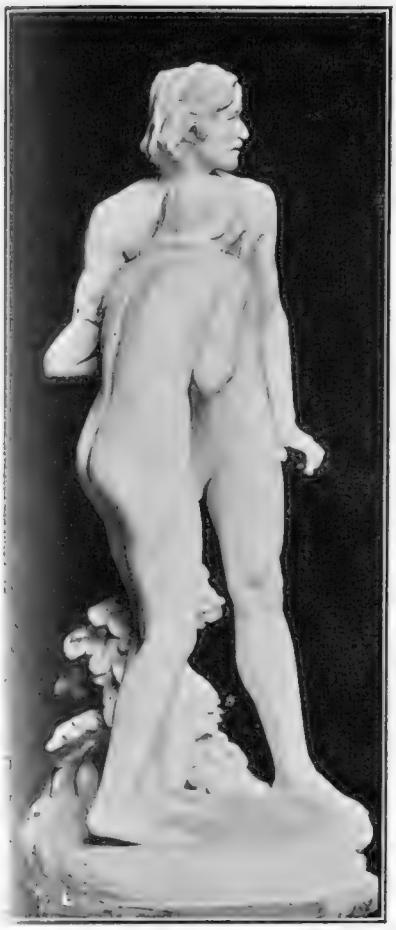
The delicacy and fascination of *Madama Butterfly* grows upon one more each time one hears it, and though it has not been given at Covent Garden this season as many times as *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, yet its performance has meant a full and appreciative house on every occasion. Mlle. Destinn is an artist of warmth and feeling, who lives in her part, and interpretes as few other singers can the longing and heart anguish of poor deserted Butterfly. Except in the duet in the opening act, Signor Garbin as Pinkerton and Signor Scandiani as Sharpless do not call for special comment, though both sang with appreciation of their parts.

Found in Clapham!

A clever, if lurid, melodrama, *The Power of Lies*, at the Shakepeare, Clapham (O, shade of William!), gave the opportunity the other night for the début of a winsome young actress, Miss Gladys Ford-Howitt. Our *ingénue* actresses are none too many that we can afford to neglect any fresh star which appears ever so glimmeringly above the horizon, even though that horizon be but the melodramatic stage of one of our suburban playhouses. Completely charming and attractive in appearance, Miss Howitt sustained her rôle with insight and feeling, though she must not imagine that her cordial reception on this occasion implied she has nothing more to learn, for she is only at the very beginning of what promises, however, to be a most successful road. But enterprising West-End managers might go much farther and fare much worse than by witnessing *The Power of Lies*, with an especial eye kept on Miss Howitt throughout. H.P.

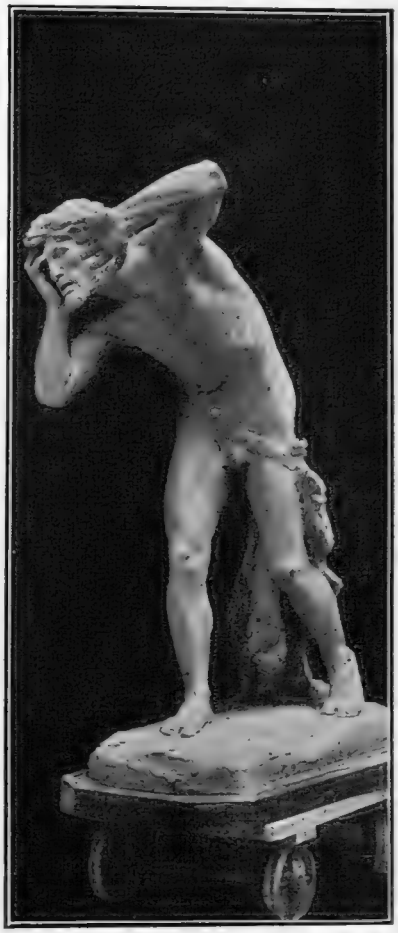
Can British Sculpture Hold Its Own?

EXAMPLES AT THE FRANCO-BRIT.



Dramatic: "They Were Afraid"
A. G. Walker

Romantic: "The Awakening"
F. M. Taubman



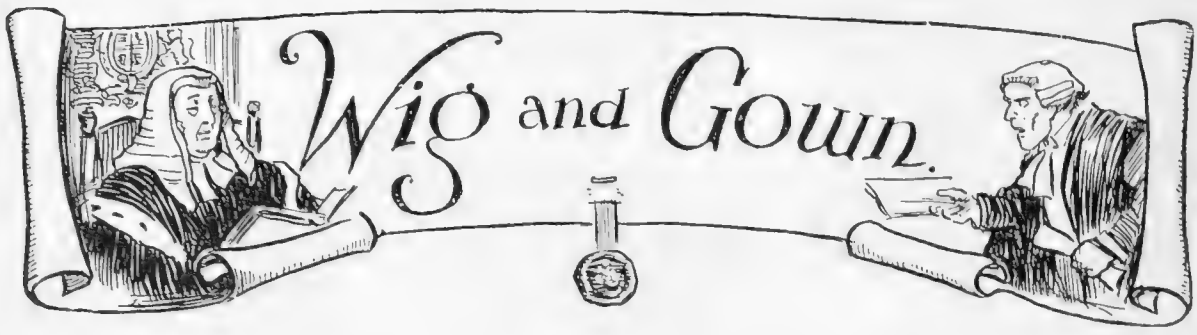
Realistic-Rodinesque: "Cain"
Benjamin Clemens

Photo] Lyric-Hellenistic: "The Sandal" [Paul Laib
F. M. Taubman

Poetic-Horrific: "Circe"
A. G. Walker

Moods in Marble Which Have Astonished the French

The French, a statue-loving nation, have been in the habit of thinking that there is no such thing as English sculpture. But their eyes have been opened by the two hundred or so examples of British work shown at the Franco-British Exhibition, where we have certainly outclassed our neighbours, who have, perhaps justifiably, judged us from our public monuments. However, in Mr. Alfred Gilbert's Piccadilly fountain, and Mr. Epestein's remarkable statuary on the building of the British Medical Association in the Strand, we have public work of which we have no reason to be ashamed (in any sense!), and the renaissance of British sculpture is apparent at Shepherd's Bush



A Retrospect

The present Long Vacation has brought to an end a very eventful year in legal history. Great changes have been introduced, and still more have been devised and are ready to be put into execution; great results have been achieved, but the list of things to be done seems longer than ever. Out of the host of demands which have been put forward there are three principal ones which have been engaging the earnest attention of the authorities: an almost unrestricted right of appeal in criminal cases, continuous sittings in London, and more frequent and extended sittings in the country. Of these the first has been carried out; the second is to be attempted next term under an ingenious scheme, the authorship of which is ascribed to Mr. Justice Bray; and the third lies in the lap of the Gods. But I am convinced that, whatever may be done on paper, all these three subjects cannot be carried out without such an increase of the judicial staff as no Chancellor of the Exchequer would listen to for a moment. In the meantime, the greatest praise is due to the Common Law Judges, who, almost without exception, have loyally endeavoured to make bricks without straw.

Photo *Lafayette*

The New Irish Assistant Under-Secretary: Mr. E. H. Ennis

Mr. Ennis is the successor of Sir J. B. Dougherty, now Under-Secretary on the retirement of the newly created Lord MacDonnell

A Legal Safety-Valve

But are all the three demands referred to above really desirable? The first, the Court of Criminal Appeal, which has now been in operation long enough for an opinion to be formed as to its effect, certainly is, and I regard it as the greatest and most beneficial judicial reform of the last half century at least. The actual results have not been very startling; the convictions of one or two unquestionably guilty persons have been quashed on more or less technical grounds, and thereby public attention has been called to certain defects in criminal procedure which will, perhaps, some day be amended. But its real utility is as a safety-valve in times of popular excitement. At the time of its institution there was a fairly widespread idea that many innocent persons were convicted, and that the police were untrustworthy. The new Court and the report of the Police Commissioners have, I believe, buried those suspicions altogether.

A Doubtful Reform

As regards continuous sittings in London, I wonder whether Mr. Justice Bray really thinks he has been working in a good cause. He can remember the old system, under which the Judges who tried actions all sat in London during part of the term and then rose and went on Circuit, and I cannot help thinking that there was a great deal to be said for it. During the time set apart for the trial of actions there were plenty of Courts, cases came on and were disposed of rapidly, counsel found it easy to be on the spot, and at the end of the time jurymen and witnesses were free till the next term. Under the system of a single special jury Court sitting throughout the year, every long case will cause enormous confusion and expense to those below it. As soon as a case appears in the next day's list all the witnesses must come to London and be kept there at the expense of the parties until they have given their evidence, and even when there is a long case in front of them the possibility of its being settled usually prevents their release. It is true that the scheme provides for two special jury Courts during part of each term, but this does not remove the objection, as was seen a few months ago when Wyler *v.* Lewis and the Jamaica Fire Insurance case kept two Courts simultaneously blocked for a fortnight.

A Corporation Matter

Lady Visitor: "And you really think this is a good place for an invalid to come to?"
Boatman: "Well, mum, I dunno' 'ow true it is, but I 'ave 'eard tell as 'ow this be a rare place for puttin' on flesh!"

BY TONY SARG

CONTINENTAL CHAT

The New Turkey

If you are told anything about Turkey, rather believe the opposite, but not the opposite entirely. For a week I have been trying to arrive at "not the opposite entirely." The "sick man" of Europe would feel sick indeed if the coming Turkish Parliament takes itself as seriously as the Russian and Persian Parliaments did. Those, however, who have studied Turkey at all will be amused at the "sublime" astuteness of the Sublime Porte. This is not the first time the Sultan has granted a Constitution. The Parliament of 1875 is still in existence, for it has never been abrogated. The Sultan himself opened Parliament, and in his speech declared a Constitution was absolutely necessary to the interests of the country. Then followed war with Russia, and after the signing of the Treaty of Berlin, when Turks again demanded their Constitution, an odious persecution began, and many of those who were not able to escape to Europe were imprisoned, and have never been heard of since.

* * *

The Sultan's Coup?

For a long time back vague hints have been current in Paris diplomatic circles that when the time came a *coup* would be effected by the Sultan himself which would upset all the calculations of his European tormentors. And behold, it has come! How his Imperial Majesty must laugh at the consternation of the Ambassadors who have been scheming and arguing points of detail about the government of Macedonia with a great deal more anxiety for the preservation or increase of their own influence than the betterment of the condition of the Macedonians. The Sultan has again checkmated Europe. He waited till the Ambassadors were practically agreed, and then he played his master move, and all their work will have been in vain. Not many believe that the Ottoman dynasty is threatened. Abdul Hamid would never allow it to be. He will become even more autocratic through pretending not to be. He has duped his people, duped his Ministers, duped the Ambassadors. The man who, with quite a good knowledge of languages, always requires the assistance of an interpreter; the man who, with iron nerves and an iron constitution, allows himself to be called the "sick man of Europe" will hold his own till the end of his days.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Turkey's New Grand Vizier

Said Pasha, who has been six times Grand Vizier during the present Sultan's reign, and has had to seek British protection from the Sultan's wrath, is now once again raised to power

* * *

The President's Trip to Russia

One of the French Ministers told me the other day, to my great surprise, of the great torture M. Fallières undergoes through fear of death. He has already had two strokes, and the third he expects will carry him off this earth, where he is so pleased to remain. The most good-tempered and merriest of men, M. Fallières is the last person on earth one would expect to have such morbid thoughts. When death is mentioned, his face clouds. This does not prevent M. Fallières from following King Edward's example and being his own Ambassador. He is the first French President who has devoted a fortnight to a State journey, and the French, delighted with his energy and enterprise, are preparing a big reception for his return. It was M. Fallières, and not the Tsar, who suggested the meeting at Reval.

* * *

The Stockholm Visit

The visit to Stockholm has been a great success. The sympathetic manner with which King Gustavus welcomed President Fallières has been doubly appreciated since it is well known that ties of blood have drawn him rather towards Germany. Like the late King Oscar, King Gustavus takes great pleasure in showing visitors—State or otherwise—the treasures of the palace, and their magnificence stands out rather in contrast to the simple tastes of this democratic King and nation. President Fallières took particular interest in the Bernadotte souvenirs, the Gobelin tapestry, which is similar to his own, and the magnificent collection of books. The French President has a particular weakness for old books, and, like Anatole France, he thoroughly enjoys the pleasure of passing a quiet hour among the booksellers of Paris, especially if he is able to discover some treasure. Since he has become President these little excursions have, of necessity, become rarer, but M. Fallières still visits the bookstalls, though at an hour when few people are astir.

One of His Little Calls

PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES MEETS THE KING OF SWEDEN

Photo] M. FALLIÈRES KING GUSTAVUS [*Chusseau-Flaviens*

M. LE PRESIDENT WALKING WITH KING GUSTAVUS AFTER LANDING AT STOCKHOLM

Before getting to Reval for his meeting with the Tsar, where the usual courtesies were indulged in and the usual speeches made, President Fallieres toured the Courts of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and had a particularly good time at Stockholm as guest of King Gustavus

M. Fallières does not understand why, since he has become President, he should be expected to pay more for his books, especially as he thoroughly appreciates a bargain. A Paris bookseller tells me she is obliged to begin at a high figure, for whatever she asks *le cher* President always beats her down to at least half. She has known him (she may exaggerate) lose a book for the sake of half a franc.

* * *

King Edward's Holiday

The inner history of the estrangement which recent years have witnessed between King Edward and the Kaiser has yet to be written, and how near to war that estrangement has led us is still the secret of a few. Meantime, the war of navy building between the two nations goes on apace. The King may meet the Kaiser in Germany and the Kaiser come to see the King in England, but still that expensive rivalry goes on at an ever-increasing rate. It is not likely that one more meeting of the two monarchs will reduce the expenditure on their fleets to the extent of one shilling. However, the meeting at Kronberg next Tuesday can do no harm! At Schloss Friedrichshof, the residence of the Princess Friedrich Karl of Hesse, the Kaiser's sister, his Majesty is, of course, no stranger, and here he will stay for a word or two with his august nephew before going, on the same day, to Ischl—on the way to Marienbad for the "cure"—to see the Emperor Franz Joseph. At Marienbad the latter visit will be returned by the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne. What sort of a mood will the King find the Kaiser in after the undoubted set-back his policy has just received in Turkey—a set-back for which British influence is largely responsible? But at charming Ischl and at Marienbad the King will at least be able to throw off for a spell something of the anxieties of European politics, and after his extraordinarily strenuous season he needs a holiday more than most men, and a "cure" for the ills of kingship.

* * *

Aix-les-Bains for the Tired

Aix-les-Bains has gay casinos, where one may win (or lose) untold francs and louis at *petit chevaux* or baccarat, or play at Chemin de fer from morning till night, like "Ouida's" heroines. Town and country, luxury and simplicity, rich and poor, art and nature, mingle together in tranquil friendliness and good feeling at Aix-les-Bains. You are not meant to be quite well when you come to Aix, but you need not be really ill by any means—just tired, bored, and languid enough to make an "interesting invalid."

* * *

Mr. Chamberlain Recouping

Near my table in the hotel restaurant Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was to be seen recently sitting of an evening. Day by day his health seemed to improve. In the cool of every afternoon he was to be seen starting out for a drive among the winding lanes under the shadow of the hills, accompanied by his devoted young wife and daughter, whose bright faces told an encouraging tale. After lunch the party would sit under the young chestnut trees which meet overhead, listening to the band and talking to their friends.

Photo *E.N.A*

Where King Edward Will Meet the Austrian Emperor after Seeing the Kaiser: Ischl, the Charming Little Town in the "Austrian Switzerland"

In spite of—well, in spite of everything, the King is to meet the Kaiser next week at Kronberg. His Majesty will then call at beautiful Ischl, on his way to Marienbad, to meet the aged Emperor Franz Joseph and congratulate him personally on the recent Diamond Jubilee Celebrations. Ischl, surrounded by gardens, is situated amid magnificent Alpine scenery in the "Austrian Switzerland," as the Saltzkammergut is called. It is, of course, famous for its saline waters and salt works, and its population of 2,000 is trebled each year by visitors

Random Jottings

This should prove a restful month after July. There will be one or two regattas for sportsmen to turn to, but nothing feverish like the Stadium events. And by the sea one will be able to forget and forgive the White Elephant City.

* * *

Of course, it has taught us things. Our athletes realise now that a hot sun doesn't suit them best, and that the Czechs and the Merovingians and the Sioux can give them points at hopping, and that England should wake up at combined fancy diving. But altogether the Stadium was, so to speak, Rah-rah-rahther too much with us.

* * *

"Shake hands with a workingman" was, according to the *Daily News*, the chief cry that greeted Mr. Winston Churchill at the great temperance demonstration in Hyde Park. This seems to show that the desire to shake hands is not confined, as was once supposed, to the slightly intoxicated.

* * *

The Kaiser is to be congratulated on having got in a successful telegram at last—namely, that recommending the Sultan to try a Parliament. Nobody seems quite to know how it was worded, but no doubt to the following effect:

"Abdul, Turkey,—Strongly advise Reichsrath. Find personally that it in no way prevents one from being a Sultan.—WILHELM.

* * *

The Turkish Parliament may, it is thought, be modelled on the English, but there are sure to be some slight variations. The place of the Whips, for example, may be taken by the Bastinado.

* * *

From the *Morning Post* advertisement column:

The Lady Beatrice, having gone abroad, recommends the following: As cook or first kitchenmaid, two housemaids as seconds of three or four, and one third as second of two or third of four.—For particulars apply HOUSEKEEPER.

It is a pretty sum, and we fancy the answer is '09867. But perhaps it would be wisest to apply to the housekeeper.

* * *

"Lady N.," says the same journal, "wishes to recommend her housemaid on a job for two months." This, we feel sure, is awfully kind of Lady N. But isn't it just a wee bit slangy?

* * *

It is a slow business reforming the House of Lords. Quite a number of visitors clothed in Irish kilts have now been over the House without having any perceptible influence on its old-world members. Just because their fathers did it before them, they will stick to trousers.

* * *

"The only unfortunate feature," says the *Daily News*, "in the Quebec Pageant was the presence of hundreds of criminals." This does certainly seem unfortunate. It is not as though it were a Botany Bay Pageant.

* * *

Schoolboys are always very conservative. Those, therefore, who attend the L.C.C. schools, from which there was some talk of omitting the use of the cane, will be interested to hear that the Education Committee has informed a correspondent that "There is no intention to alter the corporal punishment regulations." Three cheers. Hip-hip-hip-hooray!

* * *

A journalist has pointed out that the public has a legal right to "loiter" on the highway. Still, we should strongly advise anyone who thinks he would enjoy that right to go in for the thing professionally, and become a dustman.

* * *

L'Entente Cordiale à la Poste Restante!

LADY CLERK: "But can't you show me your name on anything?"
M'SIEU: "Oui, oui, Mam'selle—— But eet ees empossible; it is—ahem—on my vest!"

A Temporary Farewell

Farewell, thou spacious Stadium,
Where all those sports occurred,
Of which a few were snady—hum!—
And several absurd.

It may be—decades later—
Tots yet unborn will hie
To see the spot where Pater
Won the Jump (standing—high).

They'll note where small, but plucky,
Dorando fell in pain,
And Hefferon—most unlucky—
Got cramp. (Mistake—champagne!)

And since, with breath abated,
They'll speak thy famous name,
Don't mind if we, being sated,
Don't seem to do the same.

KIT FOR CAMPERS—A Timely Interview

Camping out is the craze that now threatens us, and in order to hear more about the pastime, I called on the President of the R.S.P.C.O.—the Royal Society for the Propagation of Camping Out.

"You want to know all about modern camping out?" he said, extending a hand in welcome and motioning me to a chair. "It is a vast subject—the study of a lifetime—but I will try to give you a general outline of it. The art of camping out is the art of concentration. Do you know what this is?" He poised a mall bundle in the palm of his hand.

"A needle and cotton case," I hazarded.

"No, sir, a tent! A tent to hold three people, with an annexe for cooking purposes and a shelter for bicycles." He untied the bundle and spread it out on the floor. "You will note that everything for camping-out purposes is made to compress into the smallest possible space. This material is Japanese tissue-paper made especially thin."

"How is it held up?" I asked.

The President pointed to his waistcoat pocket. "That ostensible fountain-pen is in reality a telescopic tent-pole. It is hollow, of course, and contains a set of knives, forks, spoons, and corkscrews. Our aim is always to economise space."

"Suppose, when the tent is pitched, a grasshopper were to alight on it. Would it stand the strain?"

"Yes, sir, it would stand the strain of *three* grasshoppers! Possibly four at a pinch. Our tents have been evolved as the result of years of experiment, and they are built for the very roughest wear."

"You do your own cooking?'

A Puzzle Indeed

"Are we right for Skyecliffe?"
"I dunno! Which way are ye going?"

By Chris Heaps

"We do." He unfastened an object from the end of his watch-chain. "This is not a watch, as you might perhaps think. It is a complete set of saucepans and frying-pans made to fit into one another. The inmost of the vessels is for ablutionary purposes."

"Do you carry your own food with you?"

"Some of it. The tubes of our bicycles are, of course, stuffed with pemmican, and some of us like to carry liquid refreshment inside the handle-bar. Personally, I always reserve my oil-can for spirits; but it is quite a matter of taste."

"Where do you generally pitch camp?"

"In a farmer's meadow. We go to the farmer, and holding up our tent by the little finger, we ask permission to pitch it in his grounds. It does not seem an extravagant request."

"Quite so."

"You can have no idea of the joys of camping-out if you have not tried it," continued the President. "To go to sleep under the vault of heaven, with the night wind gently fanning the temples, is a revelation to the jaded town-dweller!"

"How do you keep out slugs?"

The President frowned moodily. "That is the great problem, and it is not yet completely solved. At present we take it in turns to do sentry-go around the tent during the night."

"One more question, if I may. What do you do if it rains?"

"We stay at home," replied the President. "Camping out is, of course, only for fine weather. Do you remember the glorious summer of 1895? Ah, then it *was* camping-out weather! That was my last expedition."

Max Rittenberg.

A Little Play Thing

Now "Mrs. Dot" had told "Her Son"
"The Truth" about "The Thief."
And how "The Dairymaids" had chased
"Jack Straw" beyond belief.

"The White Man" said "The Thunderbolt"
On "Lady Frederick" fell,
When "Edwin Drood" caught "Butterflies"
On "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

"The Explorer" heard "When Knights Were Bold"
"The Flag-Lieutenant" cuss,
'Cause "Brewster's Millions" weren't enough
To back "The Three of Us."

"The Merry Widow" knew for sure
"The Prince and Beggar Maid"
Would tell "Her Father" if she ran
And wedded "Beau Brocade."

And so "Irene Wycherley" had
"The Mollusc" for her feast,
"The College Widow" came and brought
"Tom West" from "'Way Down East."

Soon followed "My Mimosa Maid,"
Who from "Havana" ran,
Because she didn't care "Two Pins"
For marrying "Peter Pan."

Archibald Sullivan.

BADWOOD

The Last Event of the Season in Another Place

PORTRAYED (AFTER A SOMEWHAT UNSUCCESSFUL DAY IN SUSSEX LAST WEEK) BY OUR DEPRESSIONIST ARTIST, G. E. STUDDY

RACE

CO

Socially, Cowes Week, the biggest event of the season's end, this year shows no falling off in brilliance, Society, headed by the King and Queen, having flocked there as usual to see the races and be entertained by friends. We are assured of an interesting week, too, from a yachtsman's point of view, for the yachts, both in the 23 and 15 metre class, are very evenly matched. All the famous yachts are entered, including Sir Thomas Lipton's new *Shamrock*, the 23 metre cutter built this year by Fife She has, up to date, won the greatest number of races in her class. Her rivals are *White Heather* and *Brynhild*, built respectively for Mr. Myles Kennedy and Sir James Pender last year, and Mr. R. W. N. Young's

METEOR

The German Emperor's famous racer, the largest afloat, which is competing as hitherto at Cowes this year in the "A" class for boats of over 23 metres

Photos

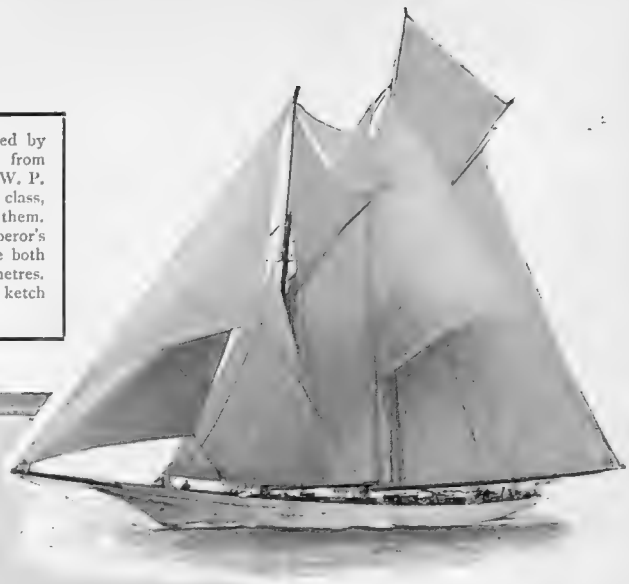
BRITOMART

Mr. W. P. Burton's yacht—entered in the 15 metre class

THE ISLAND SEA-FESTIVAL: FOUR FAMOU

WEEK
AT
WES

Nyria. *Nyria* came out in 1905, and, being somewhat outclassed by the newer boats, receives an allowance of 8 sec. per mile from the others. *White Heather* was the champion of last year. Mr. W. P. Burton's *Britomart* is older than her rivals in the 15 metre class, *Shimna*, *Maoona*, and *Marissa*, but can still hold her own with them. The racing in this class is exceptionally close. The German Emperor's *Meteor* is the largest racing yacht afloat. She and *Cetonia* are both fine schooners, and will race in the "A" Class for boats over 23 metres. By Y.R.A. Rule boats over 23 metres must be schooner, yawl, or ketch rigged

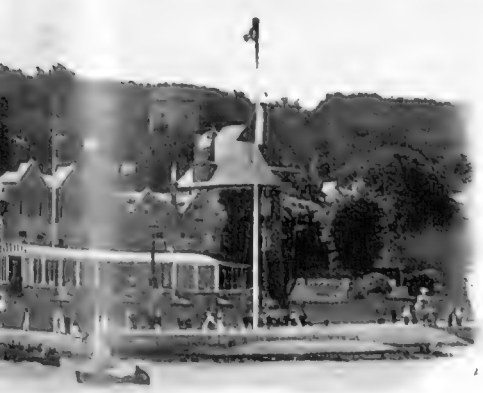


CETONIA

Lord Iveagh's fine schooner, which will race in the "A" class for boats of over 23 metres

A View of the Roads During Racing Week

Cowes Roads presents an animated appearance from the sho e during the great "Week," with its yachts aflutter with bunting, and the crowds watching the graceful fliers, often seen in contrast with the huge bulk of warships



The Centre of Fashionable Cowes: The Clubhouse of the Royal Yacht Squadron

The most exclusive Club in the world, the Royal Yacht Squadron, at Cowes, is, of course, the heart of the place during Regatta Week, and every well-known yachtsman, from his Majesty downwards, is a member

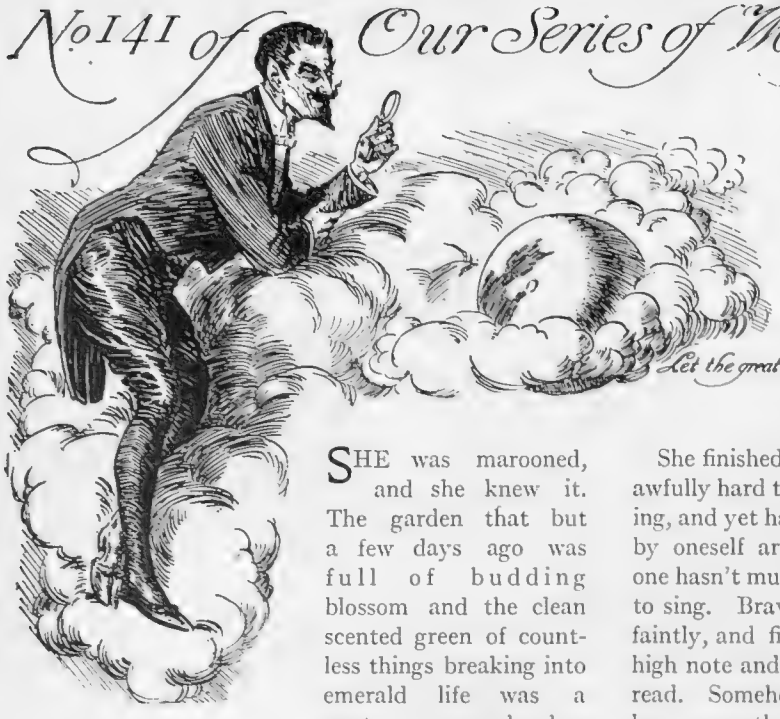
Cribb

YACHTS WHICH ARE TAKING PART IN THE REGATTA

SHAMROCK IV.

Sir Thomas Lipton's new yacht—entered in the 23 metre class

No. 141 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



UPON THE WATERS

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

SHE was marooned, and she knew it. The garden that but a few days ago was full of budding blossom and the clean scented green of countless things breaking into emerald life was a waste—a grey, colourless waste. The tops of the rose-bushes were mere little islands of twigged incident. The water was lapping at the steps of the verandah like a thirsty guest, and she could see from where she stood that it was high above the seats in the summer-house. Last night she had regarded the possibility of a flood as a joke; at dawn it had suggested itself in the light of an adventure; now in the colourless face of the relentless St. Swithin's morning it took on the proportions of a tragedy.

Her hands, as they held the sitting-room curtains apart, trembled just a little. Then two tears, the result partly of vexation and partly of loneliness, sprang into being on her black lashes.

It was easy enough to be heroic in Town, when life rushed around you in a coloured tide of commotion and companionship. Easy enough to refuse to marry the man you really loved and bury yourself in a summer cottage on the Thames out of sheer perversity. It was also a simple matter to send your servants away on a two-day holiday, and flutter round the kitchen in a frivolous little apron and cook your own meals on a chafing dish. It was all simple and pleasant—at least, before the flood. She thought of it all now as she looked out at the grey, expressionless face of the water. She drew the curtains with a rush and sat down at the piano.

The sound of music only made the day and room more desolate, and she let down the cover with a sudden crash of sound. The window seemed to draw her back with irresistible attraction. How still and voiceless it all was. Then her eyes wandered to the top step of the verandah again. A slight trickle of water was creeping across it like a slender shining snake. She looked at it stupidly for a moment. It gradually crept towards her in a little waving line. Then she understood. The water was rising. She began talking to herself abruptly.

"If it does come in here I can go upstairs. If it follows me there I can climb out on the roof, and then, if it still rises, I can get washed right up to heaven."

She finished with a nervous little laugh. It is really awfully hard to be only twenty-two, and utterly charming, and yet have nobody to talk to but yourself. Days by oneself are always long at that age. But, still, one hasn't much logic at twenty-two. She commenced to sing. Bravely enough at first, but more and more faintly, and finally finished on something between a high note and a sob. Then she sat down and tried to read. Somehow all the words seemed to run before her eyes as the faint trickle of water had done over the top step of the verandah. The book fell from her hands and lay face downwards on the floor. A clock suddenly chimed off eleven pert little strokes from somewhere, and sank again into silence. It was nice even to hear that, but when it had finished, the lonely feeling came back again with redoubled force.

"Anyway, I won't cry," she said, loudly. "The servants will all be back by to-night, and till then I'll be happy—happy—happy."

She searched hurriedly for her handkerchief as though that were the first thing necessary for a blissful state of solitary hilarity.

"I suppose," she went on, with desperate firmness, "I could go and eat things to fill up the time, but all the dishes are dirty with eggs and horrid things, and I can't wash things like that, can I?"

She finished as though she were making an appeal to some imaginary visitor.

"Anyway, the fire's out, and the methylated spirits are finished, and there's only sardines and——"

The handkerchief was brought into swift requisition. When she raised her gold head there were two little lines of determination featured where her lips broke into the most fascinating curve in the world.

"I shall go all over the house on a tour of inspection, and I'm sure that will take ever so long."

She began bravely enough. The kitchen presented an unwashed chaos of dirty plates, and a fireless range scowled blackly at her from a corner.

"It would have been so much simpler if I hadn't had eggs for breakfast," she murmured musingly, closing the door hurriedly, and walking slowly down the hall.

The dining-room smelt foody, and she sniffed her disapproval. "But if I had opened the windows—there's the flood."

For the moment she had quite forgotten about it. She looked hurriedly out at the garden. Rising it certainly was. It seemed such a determined sort of thing—so set on its ways and intentions. Its designs, so far as the garden was concerned, were absolutely complete. It had seized ravenously upon

(Continued on page 290)

(All rights strictly reserved)

NOW MERRY IN THE PROVINCES

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS CLARA EVELYN AS THE "MERRY WIDOW," WHICH PART SHE IS NOW PLAYING ON TOUR

It will be remembered that a few months back she made quite a sensation at Daly's Theatre by her admirable playing of this rôle at a few hours' notice owing to the sudden indisposition of the principal, Miss Lily Elsie

(*Continued from page 288*)

every bush and flower. It had romped over the tennis court, and leaned with grey hands upon the pedestal of the sun-dial. It sat in the summer-house, and was now lounging idly across the verandah to take possession of the house itself. It looked even more stern and sinister than it had from the drawing-room windows. She left the room, and banged the door behind her. The hall was full of shadows that had not been there before.

"I—I don't think I'll go upstairs," she announced. "I may have to spend such a long time up there when the water rises that I ought to make the most of all the things down here." She had quite made up her mind that the water was going to rise. All the stories of floods she had ever read came back to her. People she remembered usually got inside a dog-kennel, and were floated away to safety. Babies were sent drifting from top-storey windows in cradles by unconcerned mothers, or else faithful patriots shoved their fingers into bung-holes and saved the populace from a watery grave.

"I shall float—if I must float—in the piano," she said at last. "I can strew the music behind me, and bang with my feet on the deep strings in the bass."

She stopped abruptly, then went on again:

"I'm getting perfectly foolish. But, still, it is rather lonely. Not a single other cottage for half a mile, and oh! such a long way from a road."

She went mechanically to the window again. The water's possession of the verandah was complete.

"If rats leave a sinking ship, surely mice would leave a flooded house." She said the words sternly, as though in challenge. There was no answering scuffling behind the bookcase or piano. She felt relieved. The mice might already have gone upstairs in search of safety. Eventually she must face them. The thought only added new horrors to the situation. Then her thoughts turned abruptly to Gerald. There had been no time to think of him before. There was only one half hour of his company three days ago, when she had refused him for the simple reason that she was in no mood to discuss matrimony. Anyway, whoever heard of a man proposing at four in the afternoon? That in itself was quite enough to drag a swift negative from her, and send her, perverse and unbalanced, to a deserted cottage on the Thames. Father might rage from Edinburgh; mother could telegraph from the Riviera; but daughter would fly from London alone and unchaperoned to bury her rage in the country. It was all Gerald's fault.

The ash-coloured sky grew gradually darker, and a little torrent of rain beat passionately against the window. Time crept on in dragging moments and slow ponderous hours. The very striking of the clock began to sound low and dispirited. She had no courage to face the belittered kitchen in search of lunch. It was almost a relief to add the misery of hunger to the sum-total of her discomforts. Then all of a sudden something happened. From somewhere on the desert of water came a canoe. The very sight of it cheered her up. It looked so companionable as it fluttered towards her across the tennis court. She opened the window with a rush, the rain beating madly into her face. Then she stopped. It was Gerald. He paddled leisurely along over the submerged rose bushes and across the verandah. He came directly under the open window before he spoke.

"How do you do?" His voice was one of absolute unconcern.

The very calmness of it lashed her into a fury.

"There's no one in," she said, coldly.

"The water will be soon." He steadied the canoe as he spoke and smiled.

Usually when he smiled she smiled in return. This time routine gave place to novelty.

"I don't want to ever see you again—and I don't know why you've come here after what I said—and I——"

"In fact, you're rather upset," he interrupted.

"Not in the least."

"Or hungry——"

"Not in the least," she repeated, in a colourless voice.

He shook the rain from his cap, and rearranged the sodden cushions at his knees. Then he spoke:

"You see how it is. I heard you were here alone—that the servants were off for the day or something, and I came over from the Saunders' with this."

He placed a luncheon basket carefully on the window-ledge.

She looked at it, at him, and then at the grey water.

"You've no right to come into other people's gardens." Her voice was unsoftened, and she regarded his drenched figure with unpitying eyes.

"It's not a garden, it's a flood," he began, smilingly.

"Well, it's private property, anyway."

"It's no more private than the original Flood," he retorted.

She said nothing. The rain dripped on during the silence. He spoke at last.

"I tell you what it is, Ethel. You're here alone, and I don't care how much you hate me, but I'm going to stay in this canoe on this verandah in case the water floods you out."

She surveyed him with contempt.

"Will you give me something to read?" he asked.

She turned into the room and groped blindly along the table, at last handing three or four volumes out to him—"Three Weeks," "The Holy Bible," "Golf Rules," and "Burke's Peerage."

He read the titles over aloud, and she heard him laughing as she banged down the window.

In half an hour she peered carefully through the curtains. The canoe was moored to a pillar of the verandah. He had his back towards her, and was evidently reading, while the smoke from his pipe rose like a sacrifice. Then her eyes fell on the luncheon basket. She was hungry, and desperately hungry at that. If she could only get the basket without attracting his attention. She opened the window gently, and stretched out her hand. He read on undisturbed, and the canoe floated idly on the rising water. Then, all of a sudden, he did turn his head and smile.

"Hungry, dear?" he asked, seeing her taking in the basket.

"No," she said, shortly. "It's for my dog."

"Didn't know you had one. What breed?"

She stammered in her confusion.

"A water-spaniel would about suit this weather," he murmured, turning back to his book.

Again she crashed the window down, but a faint smile tugged at the corners of her lips. Then she had luncheon on the top of the piano. She took as long

(*Continued on page 292*)

Foam and Fury on the Rhine

Photo *Balance*

A WATER STUDY AT THE FALLS OF THE RHINE AT SCHAFFHAUSEN

(*Continued from page 290*)

over it as possible. Even to dusting off the crumbs and repacking the basket again. She felt decidedly better. Despite the fact that she was quite sure she hated Gerald, it was still rather nice to feel he was there in case anything did happen. Floods are lonely concerns at the best. She opened the piano and began to play. The music sounded quite different now. There was some go and cheerfulness about it.

She stopped abruptly. Somebody was singing. The voice sounded rather hoarse. She got up and went to the window, and, opening it, leaned out.

"You perfectly understand that I can't possibly let you in when I'm here all by myself, don't you?"

"Yes," came gruffly from the canoe.

"And I'm sorry you're so wet and uncomfortable, and my dog was *so* glad of the luncheon you brought over, and I do hope you won't catch cold."

She finished breathlessly. He had untied the canoe, and slowly paddled down towards her between the chairs and wicker table that lay floating on its back, all four legs raised in violent protest. He steadied the canoe below her window.

The afternoon shadows were lengthening. The room behind her had become vague and undecided. In front of her the dead grey of the water had grown even more dull.

"I wish you'd play something and leave the window open," he said at last.

She turned back into the room and paused.

"I'm sorry—I can't," she stammered. "The water's half across the floor."

He gave one low whistle, but said nothing. She curled herself up again on the window seat.

"I'll take you away now on one condition," he said, tensely.

She looked back into the darkening room.

"What is it?" she said slowly.

"That you marry me," he said shortly, beating his paddle up and down on the surface of the water.

Her face flamed with a sudden scarlet.

"How can you be so ungentlemanly?" she demanded.

"In other words, how can I love you enough to be what you call ungentlemanly?"

The water was gradually stealing softly across the carpet at her feet. There was a cold greyness over everything that chilled her through and through. She shivered, and he looked up at her and coughed harshly.

"I shall have to come with you," she said slowly. "First of all, because I'm afraid of the dark and the water; secondly, because I'm cold and hungry; and thirdly, because you are soaked through and through."

She climbed up on to the window, and hung her feet over the edge. There was a weariness about her young, bright face that was more potent than words. He helped her into the canoe without a word, and jammed the window to with "Golf Rules." Then the canoe glided out across the garden. It seemed like some strange new country to her. Something made up of things she had once known in some other world. Once she turned and looked back at the house. It was perched like some lonely water-bird in the midst of a dull, sad sea.

"Where are we going?" she asked at length, in a hushed little voice.

"I am taking you to the Saunders' for the night. The late train takes me back to town."

His words struck her as chilly as the cold wind that now swept across the water.

"Please don't go away on my account," she pleaded.

"I am going away on my own," he retorted.

"But I thought you were going to marry me." Her voice was a mixture of surprise and disa pointment.

"I wouldn't dream of taking advantage of the circumstances."

There was a tense silence for a few moments. Then she turned half round on her elbow and lifted her face to meet his. There were tears on her cheeks, but a world of happiness in her eyes.

"I wish you would take advantage," she whispered.

And he did.

ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.

Photo *Bolak*

MAKING EXISTENCE ENDURABLE IN THE DOG DAYS: METROPOLITAN MERMEN IN VICTORIA PARK

Tout en Rose

Photo *Reutlinger*

MME. MARVILLE, A TALENTED AND CHARMING FRENCH ACTRESS AND DANCER AT THE COMÉDIE-ROYAL, PARIS

Making One City of New York

ANOTHER LINK WITH BROOKLYN NOW NEARING COMPLETION

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The completion of the new bridge across East River between Brooklyn and Manhattan will be the next step towards the unification of New York, and the work may be expected to be finished by 1911. It is a marvellous engineering feat, and the construction will eventually be the heaviest and strongest bridge in the world, for it will carry eight railroad tracks, besides a wide roadway for vehicles and two footpaths for pedestrians, its width being 120 feet as compared with the 85 feet of the old Brooklyn Bridge, which is a quarter of a mile to the south. From the summit of its enormous towers, one on each bank, 350 feet above high-water mark, unrivalled views of the city are obtainable

Will Trinity Church Meet Its Doom?

NEW YORK'S OLDEST CHURCH OVERWHELMED BY SKY-SCRAPERS

Photo *Byron*

We bemoan the way in which buildings have been allowed to grow up in the shadow of our great cathedrals, but in the case of the most famous sacred edifice in the New World, Trinity Church, New York, buildings have not only grown up all around it, but have practically obliterated it in their shadows, and situated as it is in Broadway, opposite Wall Street, in the very centre of the Kingdom of Mammon, it is a debatable point how long it will be allowed to occupy its immensely valuable site. It is, however, probable that its presence will be tolerated by the sky-scraping (and money-getting) fraternity, as the Church authorities themselves own immense estates, the income of which is purported to be worth over a million, which revenue is devoted to the needs of several daughter churches and the support of a small army of clergy

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"The High Adventure." By H. de Selincourt. (John Lane: 6s.)
"The Hard Way." By "A Peer." (Long: 6s.)
"The Life Class." By Keighley Snowden. (Werner Laurie.)

The Bad Temper in Fiction

The hero of Mr. H. de Selincourt's new novel, *The High Adventure* (John Lane: 6*s*.), enjoys my respectful envy. He is a man with the longest temper I have ever met. His life is one long curse. He is "out" with everybody and everything; with life in general, with bachelordom, and love, and work. He goes on brooding and brooding until—he gets married. Then, and only then, does life acquire aught that seems good unto him. As a work of literary art, *The High Adventure* is quite notable. The author has set to work to portray a mood, and well he succeeds. The bad temper of young Bernard Linden is the most sustained I have ever encountered, and it is altogether refreshing to come across an author who seriously prescribes as the cure for it—marriage. The conventional among us have been apt to regard the holy state as putting an edge on, rather than a period to, our tempers. We have thought that these only found their fullest development in married life. We have looked on the tempers of our bachelor days as poor, blunt, dull affairs compared with those of our latter-day condition! But enough. Mr. Selincourt's story (which tells you about a brooding young man about town, who seeks for happiness in vain until he meets the one kindred feminine spirit, and also about some of his bachelor friends, and their sins and their cynicisms) is one that predisposes the mind towards marriage, and it is, therefore, a rarity among modern novels decidedly to be recommended, though, critically speaking, the only character who really strikes me as genuine is the hero himself. The rest are talking-machines, save the heroine, who leaves the impression of possessing nothing but eyes. As for the young man with the ailment—he is just unpleasant, and would have been more suitable in a coarser novel than this.

Photo *L.N.A.*

A Journalist J.P.

Sir Douglas Straight, the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who has just been appointed a J.P. for Middlesex

* * *

Another Woman With a Past

A book I have read with quite average pleasure is *The Hard Way*, by "A Peer" (Long: 6*s*.). It is a pity the noble author has chosen this somewhat snobbish way of concealing his identity. Other peers, and even princes, have written novels, and have cloaked themselves more modestly. However, to the book. It is a plain but decidedly well-written and vivid account of the life of an orphan girl of aristocratic family but obscure up-bringing. While living dully under an auntly roof at Brittlesea, Essex, she meets an odd young subaltern, who professes passion for her, and leads her away to a registry-office wedding in London, and a cheap honeymoon in Paris. The boy is a brute, and leaves her for India. The girl, subsequently left penniless, has to work for her living in an "N.B.C." shop, where her beauty proves, as they used to say in musical comedy, a "magnet for the men, men, men." However, she is not long left undiscovered by her high kinsmen. Taken to the country, she emerges into proper society. Meanwhile she hears that her absent husband has lost his reason. Then, the tragedy. She falls really in love, and to save her lover—a rich young aristocrat—from a death of love-sickness, undergoes the ceremony of matrimony a second time. She becomes mistress of his mansions, and hopes for happiness, and the non-discovery of her bigamy, when—the cousin of her husband, whom she met on the fatal first honeymoon in Paris, appears! There I leave the plot. It is not very original, this new version of the "woman with a past." But the incidents themselves are told with good dramatic effect, particularly those which recount the heroine's experiences of Paris, of London, and the country household. The latter are so closely and minutely described that one suspects that the author's *nom de plume* to be genuine, if snobbish, and that one has here to welcome to the republic of letters no unworthy aristocratic recruit.

* * *

A Yorkshire Portrait Gallery

Mr. Werner Laurie is publishing shortly *The Life Class*, by Keighley Snowden. It is the story of a young Yorkshire woman-worker, driven by ill-fortune and a turn for art to accept the earnings of a model. It is the story, too, of a public man. His reputation is staked upon the local art school, and he loves the model. The author's gallery of Yorkshire portraits contains no picture done in warmer colours than that of the Kingley manufacturer. It is an idealistic and romantic story, with true humour.

Undraped Faces for Turkish Women!

THE YASHMAK, WHICH WILL NOW PROBABLY BE ABOLISHED—TO THE CONSTERNATION OF CHADBAND BEY AND STIGGINS EFFENDI

Photo] A LADY OF CONSTANTINOPLE WEARING THE MENACED VEIL [*E.N.A.*

One of the items on the programme of the Young Turks is to abolish the modest Yashmak, the chaste but unhygienic veil worn by the Moslem women in public. The news of this coming reform—now, in view of the granting of the Constitution, nearer accomplishment than ever—has alarmed the Stigginses of Stamboul almost as much as the Messrs. Grundy of Manchester. As this shocking proceeding will expose to public view the Turkish ladies' noses, mouths, and chins, and even a small proportion of neck, a warning article is hourly expected from a certain evening journal

A Woman's Note Book

A Suggestion for the Silly Season

I feel quite anxious to suggest a debate for the Silly Season, which is now close upon us. "Do modern women neglect their homes?" occurs to me as the most suitable, and not so silly, either; but rather inclined to induce heated warfare, since, despite abundant proof to the contrary, it remains the accusation repeatedly hurled at us. Times have changed, and there is, and always will be, a large proportion of our fellow-creatures who are unable to adapt themselves to conditions more up to date than those of twenty years ago. These are the ones who hold back effort; and, wishing to be generous as well as fair, I will admit that, even while unbearably irritating, the antiquated spirits have their uses among modern communities. Neglect our homes, indeed! Never before was there so much interest taken in the home, using the word in its very widest sense. Home used to be four walls, exchanged for four other walls at marriage. But to-day women have opportunities for work and usefulness in innumerable ways, and need not hang their heads because of Fate's unkindness. They arrange their own fate, and failure or success remains with their personal endeavour. Surely this is a step in the right direction. Home-life has become altogether a bigger and more interesting thing; it has taken in widely to its own increased beauty, and is consequently able to give out more generously to the world's greater advantage. Home-life was once a duty, now it is a pleasure, and in the contrast we cannot help being reminded of the modern American poet, the poet pre-eminently of democracy and of women, Walt Whitman, when he says:

> I give nothing as duties,
> What others give as duties I give as living impulses.
> Shall I give the heart's action as a duty?

So also home-life has risen to an enthusiasm.

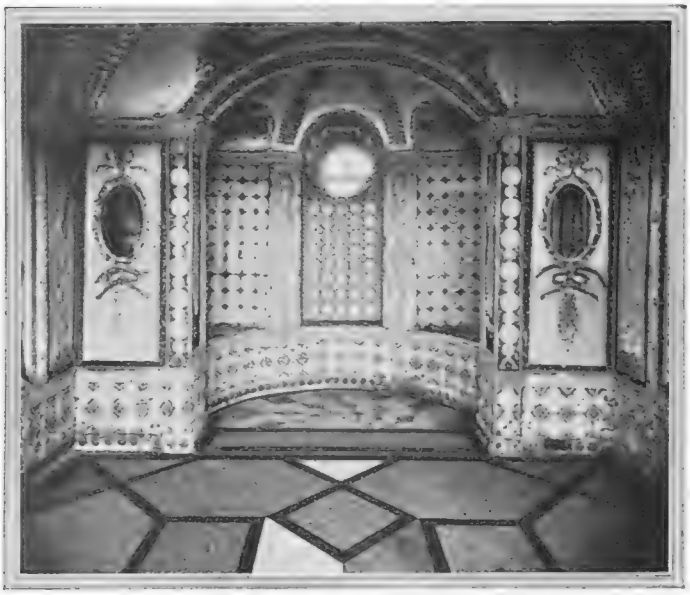


Photo **The Curious Shell Grotto at Goodwood** [*Ullyett*

This curious chamber was designed and carried out by the second Duchess of Richmond and her two daughters early in the eighteenth century, a task which took seven years. The walls and ceiling are entirely composed of sea shells, while the floor is made of horses' teeth, collected on the estate!

Once a Drudgery, Now a Science

Home-life, besides, was once a good girl's drudgery, now it is a wise woman's science. We have only to remember the schools of domesticity which have sprung up among us, to think of the kindergarten system, the careful training of lady nurses, or of the numerous societies, institutions, efforts and ideas produced simply and solely for the greater welfare of home-life and the more excellent care of children. Where in the olden days were to be found our model dwellings, our garden cities, our schools of hygiene, our child study, our higher education brought to bear both upon mind and body? Do not these speak eloquent words in our favour? The old-fashioned may declare we have failed, they may assert that their haphazard methods produced happier results and a stronger race, forgetful of the complex conditions with which we have to cope; yet the honest among them cannot but admit that a true woman's "going out into the world" is effected primarily that she may return more efficient to her own household, that in spite of blunders she has tried, and is every year more vigorously trying.

The Uses of the Antiquated

I said that the antiquated spirits have their uses. These are to hold the balance and keep us from rushing blindly and headlong into extremes which in the end could only produce reaction, for extremes, alas! seem to have no little attraction for enthusiasts. In this connection, we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. G. K. Chesterton for a recent article in the *Daily News*, entitled "Notions and the Nursery," which effectually combats some modern fallacies regarding education. Writing mainly of one particular project, his words may yet serve to save those who are inclined to make a child's training too systematic. In the past there is no doubt that we reproved our children too rigorously; in the present we seek to aid their development on exactly similar lines. Apparently it is ever the part of matured intelligence to prove unduly meddlesome. Again, Mr. Chesterton makes a very sound criticism, which may often be applied to educationalists, when he accuses such people not of thinking of the joy of the child, but of the "joy of the reformer," of considering that children are, or else forgetting that children are not, fashioned just as ourselves. "They would teach him"—the child—"lessons in a field, because mature modern people enjoy the beauty of a field; but children enjoy the freedom of a field." Just so! We are busy inculcating lessons which children, by their very nature, do not need, applying a balm which may truly be successful for the world-weary, but can hardly appeal to the vigorous awakening intelligence of childhood. We do as we would be done by in a highly unintelligent manner, and therefore produce in our little ones a sad surface likeness to maturity instead of the fresh spontaneity which by right belongs to them.

LADY PHYLLIS.

A Mothers' Hostel

A FRENCH CHATEAU ENTERS ON A NEW AND BENEFICENT LEASE OF LIFE

The Chateau of Villepinte, which has recently been inaugurated as a Hospital for Mothers

Young Mothers and their Little Charges take an Airing

Photos] The Nursery in the Mothers' Home [*Bolak*

The splendid Chateau of Villepinte, near Paris, has recently been inaugurated as a hospital for mothers, actual and expectant, where they and their little ones may receive every attention and comfort. France, however, is not the first country to inaugurate such an institution, for a similar one is already in existence in London, which also has attached to it a valuable training school for nurses

OUTDOOR LIFE

POLO. By A. W. C.

Country Tournaments

Polo in London is over, but there are many interesting tournaments to be decided in the country before stick and ball are finally put aside. During the present week, for instance, is the Rugby tournament, which invariably attracts a splendid entry and furnishes polo as brilliant as any that can be seen at the London clubs. Last year's winners at Rugby were the Old Cantabs, who can put the same team in the field again. Mr. I. Bell will probably be at No. 1, and this player deserves all the fun he can get in the provincial tournaments, as it was cruel luck for him to be "crocked" with a broken collar-bone just as the cream of London polo was coming on. Mr. Bell's keenness for the game knows no bounds, and the improvement he has wrought in his play during the past few seasons by assiduous practice has been amazing. By the way, a writer in *Baily's Magazine* is responsible for the statement that Messrs. Buckmaster and Freake will endeavour to run two teams of Old Cantabs next season. A capital idea, for there is plenty of talent only waiting to be brought to light at both Universities. Will not some old Dark Blues attempt to do the same for youngsters leaving Oxford as Messrs. Buckmaster and Freake are doing for the Cantabs? It is only by giving junior players the chance of taking part in first-class polo that their real powers can be developed.

A Royal Enthusiast

There is a rumour that the King of Spain may take the opportunity of playing in one of the minor country tournaments during his approaching visit to England. I mention the report just for what it may be worth, though there is no question but that King Alfonso is an enthusiast of the first water, and had not his regal position and the affairs of State intervened, nothing would have delighted him more than to have taken a place in the Madrid team which recently visited London. One of the members of that team told me that the King's zeal for the game was immense; that he simply knows no fear, and dashes into the play with an ardour which somewhat alarms his delighted yet anxious subjects. He has been well coached by the best players in Spain and also by Mr. George Miller, who visited Madrid for a few weeks in the spring. He takes regular practice on the private polo grounds which he had laid out at his country palace, and his example augurs well for the future of the game in Spain.

Features of the Past London Season

A brief survey of the past polo season in London leads me to think that it would have been the finest on record had only the weather been more consistent.

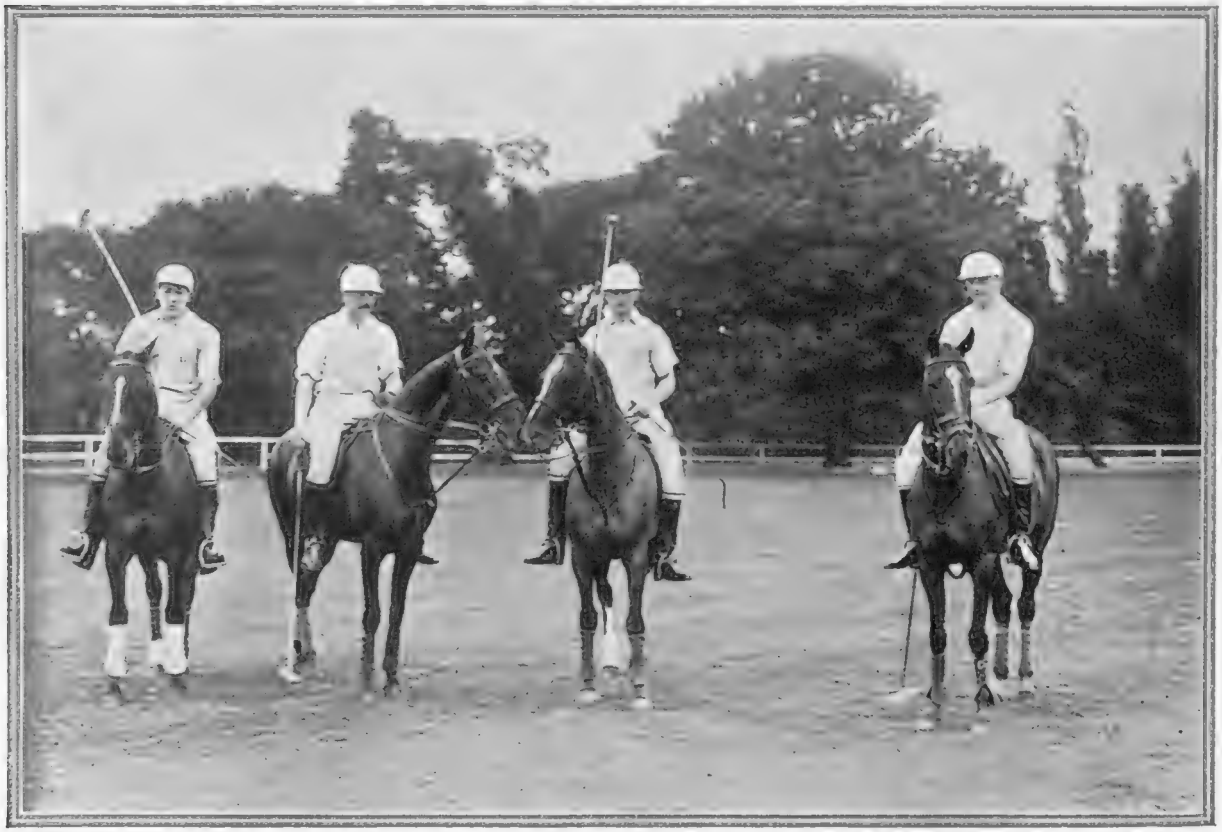


Photo *Sport and General*

One of the Most Popular Polo Teams this Season: The Old Cantabs

Of their many successes, the team's chief win was, of course, the securing of the Champion Cup. The London Polo Season—one of the finest on record, though marred at the beginning and end by the weather—now being over, they are appearing at the Dublin Tournament in a fortnight's time

Otter Hunting in the Home Counties

Happily, we had a magnificent June, and under flaming skies the game at the three premier clubs was brilliant in the extreme. But the month of May was a dire failure owing to the wet, and another spell of rainy weather in the second week of July effectually marred the end of the season. The Olympic Cup was a complete frost from the international standpoint, yet there is some satisfaction in knowing that no foreign team could have opposed the winners, Roehampton, with any real hope of success. Possibly America might have put a strong team in the field had Messrs. Foxhall Keene, Whitney, Waterbury, and other enthusiasts taken the matter in hand, but evidently they did not fancy their chance. The Champion Cup fell to the Old Cantabs, whose victory was highly popular; but perhaps the most memorable match of the season at Hurlingham was the International between England and Ireland. The visitors played brilliantly, and were a little unlucky to lose. If the same team could be got together again in the big tournament to be played at Dublin in a fortnight's time, the English sides which intend to compete, including the Old Cantabs, Rugby, and the Tigers, would find their chances of success considerably minimised. At Ranelagh the greatest event of the season was unquestionably Aldershot Day, which was a grand success in every way. At Roehampton nearly all the tournaments turned out satisfactorily, and more particularly the Junior Championship, which showed us that there is no dearth of promising players.

GOLF. By Ernest Lehmann

The Memorial to Tom Morris

Until this moment I have not had the heart to write about the death of my dear old friend Tom Morris, whose tragic end shocked the golfing world while we were all assembled at Sandwich for the Amateur Championship. It seems but yesterday that I was sitting with the dear old gentleman talking over old times in that famous upper room over his shop whence he could keep a fatherly eye on the home putting green of his beloved course. Something told me then that I should never see my old friend again. Happily, when I last saw him he was in full possession of his faculties, in one of those, alas! too rare lucid intervals when he was able to shake off the fetters of clogging old age and be once more the Tom Morris whom I had known and loved so long. Now he is but a memory, a bright and glorious one, but a memory none the less. He has been laid by the side of his son, the heroic and gallant young Tom, the peerless player of his day, in that lovely resting ground under the shadow of the ruined cathedral which tells us eloquently of the bygone ecclesiastical glories of St. Andrews. There they lie, father and son, the finest pair of golfers the world has ever seen.

Out with the Crowhurst Otter Hounds: Progress Along the River Bank

This enterprising pack, which hunts the streams of Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, in most of which otters are plentiful, has had a most successful season

It's "Doggett" As Does It!

"It's 'Doggett' As Does It!" James Graham, the winner of Doggett's Coat and Badge on the Thames last week

The picturesque contest for Thames watermen for Doggett's Coat and Badge, founded by the famous Drury Lane actor in honour of the Hanoverian succession, was rowed from London Bridge to Chelsea on Monday of last week, the winner being James Graham, of Erith. The race was marked by an accident, fortunately not serious, by which one of the competitors, after being seized with cramp, had his boat swamped by the wash from a passing tug, but was promptly rescued

A Worthy Son of St. Andrews

It is not my purpose here to recount the deeds of old Tom Morris as a golfer; they are too well known to need recounting. His is, in some senses, a tragic figure not only in his death, but in his life. One by one he saw his nearest and dearest torn from him by the relentless grasp of death. Yet nothing shook the old man's serene faith, or altered the graciousness of his nature. He met the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" with a dauntless front. No bitterness ever mingled with the sweet in his being. No one ever heard him say an unkind or impatient word, and he bore the hard blows of fate like a true hero. St. Andrews, the mother who bore him and who has now gathered him back to her loving breast, rendered to his revered remains all the honours due to such a great son. He lies, as I say, by the side of his son, in that grave to which a path has been worn through the grass by the feet of countless loving admirers of that son's great deeds. Now St. Andrews appeals to the golfing world for aid in setting up a memorial worthy of her famous son. That is why I have forced myself to write on a subject which is still so poignant in its sorrow. The appeal published recently by Mr. Grace, the honorary treasurer of the Tom Morris Memorial Fund, tells us what the hopes and intentions of the supporters of that fund are. The Committee in charge of the fund intend, if the sum reaches a total of £1,500, to obtain a bronze medallion of Tom Morris by a good artist, and to place it on some suitable building overlooking the links, while the balance remaining will be devoted to endowing a bed in the St. Andrews Memorial Cottage Hospital, to be named "The Tom Morris Bed," which will be available primarily for golf professionals, club-makers, and caddies.

Admirable Aims

These two aims of the committee seem to me to be wholly admirable. If by some means the medallion can be placed over Tom's old shop under the window at which he used to sit when his day's work was over, we should have it in the position which is most closely connected with him in later days. This would, of course, involve some guarantee against the demolition of the old building which formed his shop and dwelling-house. The endowment of a bed in the hospital under his name for the use of suffering toilers in the ranks of the golfing army is in perfect keeping with the whole career of our dear old friend.

Therefore I appeal to you all, my friends and readers, for your contribution to this good cause, and to send them to Mr. C. S. Grace at St. Andrews. We were proud of the old man while he was with us. Let us honour his memory by helping to raise these two worthy memorials of the greatest gentleman that nature ever gave to our beloved game.

YACHTING. By H. S. S.

Cowes Week: The Class Racers

With the yachts both in the 23 and 15 metre classes so evenly matched, we are assured of an interesting week at Cowes. Last week the scene of the racing was at Havre, and this page goes to press too early to enable me to add the results thereof, but, at the conclusion of the Ostend Regatta, the big cutters had sailed exactly twenty races (including one sail-over by *Shamrock*), with the following results:—*Shamrock* (Sir T. Lipton), ten firsts and five seconds; *White Heather* (Mr. Myles Kennedy), five firsts and three seconds; *Brynhild* (Sir James Pender), three firsts and four seconds; *Nyria* (Mr. Robert Young), one first and three seconds. *Nyria*, as an older and slightly smaller boat than the others, receives an allowance of 8 sec. per mile. In the 15 metre class *Shimna* (Messrs. Watson and Payne), *Britomart* (Mr. W. P. Burton), *Mariska* (Mr. A. K. Stothert), and *Ma'oona* (Mr. J. W. Leuchars

Olympic Yachting at Ryde

will be the combatants, and I foresee some lovely finishes between them if the winds rule anything like true.

The Prevailing Dislike of a Dusting

I am writing a good deal in advance of the day of publication, and, therefore, have no idea as to what sort of weather we are likely to have for the big week. Apparently, what we have to pray for is plenty of wind and not too much of it at any one time, for though yacht racing is in a healthier condition than it has been for several seasons past, there is one thing that is deplorably noticeable just now, and that is the growing tendency to shirk racing in a hard blow. There have been several pretty rough days lately upon which this has been exemplified. On the Thursday of Ramsgate week *Shamrock* and *Britomart* sailed over in their respective classes, and bore the dusting which the others shirked pretty well. On the first day of the Royal Cinque Ports Regatta there was no racing at all owing to the gale, which was, perhaps, excusable seeing what a bad place Dover is to start from; but on the second day the wind had moderated, and yet the big boats did not turn out for the race across to Boulogne.

Fair Weather Sailors

The truth is, not that these boats are unsuited to, or dangerous in, hard weather, but that they are not properly equipped for it. *Shamrock* can only take one reef down in her mainsail, and has no small headsails, and I believe it is the same with the others, so that, if they go out at all in a hard blow, they go out overcanvassed, and this means not only that they cannot be properly sailed, but also a considerable risk of damage to gear. Moreover, the highly skilled (and paid) crews of modern racing yachts are rather pampered mortals. The skipper is just as much boss of the ship as is the trainer of a racehorse. The owner is—just the owner, and it is the skipper who decides, pretty much as he chooses, when to start and when to stay at home. It is not surprising, therefore, that what is aimed at is the maximum of prize-money with the minimum of discomfort. But yacht racing will lose all its reality if it is never indulged in except in a whole-mainsail breeze, and I hope if there is any unnecessary shirking at Cowes the Y.R.A. will look into it.

OLYMPIC ROWING

Some Thoughts in Advance

I have already mourned the fact that the exigencies of Bank Holiday have made it necessary for this page to go to press very early, so that, at the time of writing, criticism of the sport being impossible, my principal feeling is one of disappointment that, despite the efforts of the Committee, the regatta is not representative of the best rowing in the world. Our old friends and enemies, the Belgians, are here, though not with their best crew; but where are the United States, Germany, and France? One would expect the Americans to be among our most formidable antagonists, and it was generally supposed that both the French and the Germans could produce good, if not first-class, crews. Of course, I am speaking of eight-oared rowing, for we all, rather unjustly, pay far more attention to it than to fours, pairs, or sculls. On the other hand, Leander are the first representative English crew that have been seen for many years, composed of the best materials, trained specially for this race, and rowing in the old traditional style. If they get beaten (bar accidents) we shall have no excuse to offer, and Messrs. Fletcher and Muttlebury and other rowing coaches will have to undergo a course of study abroad.

COBWEB (ENGLAND) FRAM (NORWAY) SORAIS (ENGLAND)

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The First Time Round in the 8 Metre Class Race at the Olympic Yachting Regatta

The Olympic Yacht Races were inaugurated by a race for 8 metre yachts, which was won by Mr. B. O. Cochrane's *Cobweb*, the Duchess of Westminster's *Sorais* and the Norwegian boat *Fram* (Mr. C. Wisbech) being second and third respectively. The Swedish boats, *Saga* and *Vinga*, were left a long way astern

RACING NOTIONS

THE SUSSEX FORTNIGHT. By CARBINE

A Delightful Goodwood

Nothing could have been more brilliant than the start of the Sussex fortnight last week. No lover of the picturesque can have gained the heights of the Goodwood plateau without a deep admiration for the beauty of the surroundings. Sport was also particularly good for the most part. Most of us had a nasty blow when Elmstead won the Stewards' Cup at 20 to 1. We all fell to blaming ourselves for our fatuous folly in not following a stable when we knew it to be right in luck. Where was our judgment in not seeing that Elmstead was the "good thing" of the race when it become known that he was better at the weights than Portland Bay? This and similar questions racegoers asked of each other when Mr. J. B. Joel's colt had passed the post, the winner by a neck of a desperate finish with Mr. S. B. Joel's Poor Boy. We can all be wise after the event, and those of us who lost on the second have at least the consolation of knowing that he was thought to be nearly a certainty by those connected with his stable. What is more, Poor Boy *ought* to have won—there is no question about that in the minds of those who saw him lose a lot of ground soon after the start. But Mr. J. B. Joel's remarkable run of luck on the Tur happened to be in full swing, and so his horse won.

The King and his Smart Filly

The King and Queen, who were staying at Goodwood House, had pleasant music on the opening day in the shape of the cheers of the populace when the Royal filly, Princesse de Galles, cantered away with the Ham Stakes. She is a charming young racer, who we all hope will "train on," and redeem the high promise she shows now. I do not suppose, however, that she will ever be so good as another of the successful Goodwood two-year-olds, the smashing Bayardo to wit; but the prospects of the filly are sufficiently bright to induce the King to look forward to her future with considerable favour. To own a really high-class two-year-old is an experience of mingled delight and fear—delight at the excellence shown, yet fear lest there should be some sudden deterioration or trouble in training. Let us hope, however, that there will be no misfortune of this sort in the case of Princesse de Galles. Another very smart youngster is Mr. J. B. Joel's—*toujours* "J. B. J."—Sunflower II., who won her race at Goodwood in most captivating style.

Events Past and Future

There was a surprise in the Goodwood Plate, as Asticot, who had been our selection for the Chester Cup, and had sadly disappointed us, now came out at the top of his form. After the success of Elmstead, it was natural that backers should follow the same colours and give their support to Royal Dream, but by way of a change the "black and red" was beaten out of a place this time, and Asticot won by a neck from Lord Durham's Mercredi. The real hero of the race was Pillo, who was a gallant third. Had he won, it would have been under a record weight for a three-year-old; but I selected him last week, well knowing his superb stamina. I congratulate Mr. Buchanan on the possession of one of the gamest colts in training. The pleasant Sussex fortnight finishes this week with Brighton and Lewes. On Wednesday the Brighton Cup should certainly be carried off by **Llangwm,** and for the Cliftonville Plate on the following day **Lantana** is my selection. A notable event of the week will be the opening of the new Hull Meeting, which promises to be highly successful. In the premier race, the Hull Cup, **Mercutio** may improve on his good form at Goodwood. **Cuffs** may win the Lewes Handicap on Saturday.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Finish of the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood: Mr. Jack Joel's Elmstead (on left) beats Mr. Solly Joel's Poor Boy

It was unfortunate that "other matters," not unconnected with another "Winning Post," prevented Mr. Jack Joel witnessing the victory of Elmstead over Mr. S. B. Joel's Poor Boy at Goodwood, the second one of his horses which has gained over a representative of his brother's stables within a few days. Mr. Solly Joel has been particularly unfortunate with this animal, which has lost him several races by about a head

Will They All Be Reformed?

TURKISH INSTITUTIONS WHICH WE HOPE WILL SURVIVE THE NEW ERA

The Grand Bazaar in Stamboul, where one gets so delightfully cheated

Street Cafe in Constantinople, where one smokes the hookah, drinks coffee, and plays a game of something or other

Inside a Mosque: Worshippers performing their ablutions before noonday prayer

The Kavass (or Guide), by whom one is so charmingly misled

The Hamal, or Human Horse, by whom one's luggage is carried from Quay or Station—at such a beautifully exorbitant charge

Planting Bulbs

If it is intended to move any daffodils or other spring-flowering bulbs which are still in the ground, the work should be done as soon as possible, for this is the time when many of them begin to form fresh roots. For the same reason, if any additional stock is wanted, it is better bought and planted at once than later in the season. It would be different if the tops remained dormant until the roots had attained a certain stage; but the two start more or less independently of one another, according to the conditions of temperature, moisture, and so forth. If, therefore, the bulbs are kept out of the ground the leaves begin to grow before the roots are sufficiently advanced to be able to supply their needs, and when this happens the result must be poor growth and poor flowers—in extreme cases none at all. The development of the leaves may be retarded by darkness, and this method is adopted when bulbs are grown in water, while it is also beneficial in the case of those in pots. If any must be planted late in the ground they should, on the same principle, be buried rather more deeply than usual, for the influence of the sunlight does not stop at the surface. It should be unnecessary to say that regularity in planting bulbs should be avoided, but, unfortunately, formal arrangements, even where formality is ludicrously out of place, are still common. A method adopted by some gardeners is to distribute the bulbs by throwing them a few yards away, an assistant planting each exactly where it falls. If it is well carried out the effect is good, for, besides a mass in one spot, there are a number of outlying plants growing very much as they do in nature. It may be employed with advantage in grass, where bulbs always look best. If they are in the border they should be surrounded by, and even covered with, low-growing plants, such as aubrietias.

A Fine Flight of Old Steps Leading Through a Beautiful Fernery

The Value of Climbers

While the house itself must often stand bare, there can be no doubt that all other buildings about the grounds look far more picturesque when they are covered with creepers. And the more naturally the creepers are allowed to grow the more beautiful the effect. Ivy, Virginia creeper, roses, clematis, wistaria, honeysuckle—these and many others are suitable for the purpose, according to the soil, aspect, and district. While excessive trimness should be avoided, the shoots which they have made during the summer should be fastened up, otherwise the plants may be torn down by the strong winds of autumn. Some pruning may also be necessary. In the case of the climbing polyantha roses, for example, such as Crimson Rambler and Thalia, the exhausted wood should be cut out after flowering in order to make room for strong young shoots. Ivy shoots which have come away from the wall should be taken off. If there is space to let a wistaria extend, some of the young shoots may be trained in. If not, they should be cut back rather closely after the leaves fall, for the plant flowers mainly, like the vine, on spurs on the old wood. H. C. Davidson.

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EVENT No. 2.
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CHALLENGE CUP, value 30 Gns., to become the property of the winner three years in succession or four years in all; and First Prize, value £8. Second Prize, value £4. Entrance, 8 Francs.

EVENT No. 3.
Men's Singles Handicap.
First Prize, value £6. Second Prize, value £3. Entrance, 5 Francs.

EVENT No. 4.
Ladies' Singles Handicap.
First Prize, value £4. Second Prize, value £2. Entrance, 5 Francs.

EVENT No. 5.
Men's Doubles Handicap.
Two First Prizes, value £4 each. Two Second Prizes, value £2 each. Entrance, 10 Francs each couple.

EVENT No. 6.
Mixed Doubles Handicap.
Two First Prizes, value £4 each. Two Second Prizes, value £2 each. Entrance, 10 Francs each couple.

Third Prizes to be given in any Event having 16 or more Entries.

Entries Close August 22, 6 p.m.

1,800 Francs in Cups. 1,700 Francs in Prizes.

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Hon. Referee and Handicapper—T. H. OYLER, MAIDSTONE.
From either of whom Entry Forms and full particulars can be obtained.

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Ladies can enter for Events Nos. 2, 4 and 6 for 15 Francs.

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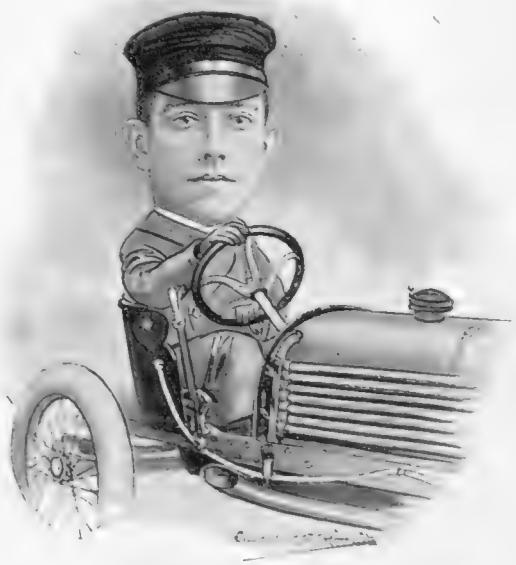
AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

New York to Paris by Motor

It has been asserted—upon whose authority I am unable to say—that all good Americans go to Paris when they die. Very few of our Transatlantic cousins, I opine, would care about travelling to the Gay City by the route which Lieut. Koeppen has just successfully covered on a German-built Protos car. It will be remembered that the much-discussed "race" was commenced so long ago as February 11, and through all the weary weeks which have intervened, Lieut. Koeppen and his comrades and fellow-competitors—or rather a few of them—have been battling their way across American prairies and mountain passes, over Siberian snows and steppes, and through the very outmost fringes of modern civilisation. The performance of the winning car is certainly very remarkable, while that of the American-built Thomas car and the indomitable little Züst must command almost equal respect. Of the other three cars which started from New York, the only French automobile which reached the coast of Asia was the De Dion, which then retired from the contest, as had the Motobloc and Sizaire-Naudin previously.



The Late Mr. Cecil Edge

The news of whose death, last week, was such a shock to motorists among whom he was immensely popular. Educated at Clifton, he was originally intended for the Army, before the motor movement claimed him for her own. A cousin of the famous S. F. Edge, he was regarded as one of the finest drivers in Europe

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

Next Year's Grand Prix

After considerable discussion, and, doubtless, a great deal of heart-burning, the Sporting Commission of the A.C.F. has decided to hold another Grand Prix race next year. So far good, and our Gallic friends are entitled to commendation for their enterprise, albeit the immediate end they have in view is the advantage of the French motor industry. There is, however, more than a probability that the rules for 1909 will be so altered as to give additional facilities to French competitors, and I notice there is a disposition on the part of the A.C.F. officials to ignore the uniform rules of racing drawn up by the International Conference, and to formulate a new set of rules without reference to any of the foreign automobile clubs. This policy, if persisted in, can, of course, end only in one way—the isolation of France and the deserved imputation of unsportsmanlike and inconsiderate conduct. Better councils, I trust, will prevail.

* * *

Isle of Man Races

At a special meeting of the Highway Board of the Isle of Man, the course for the R.A.C.'s "four-inch race," to be run on September 24, was definitely decided upon. The route is from Douglas by Crosby, Ballacraine, Glen Helen, Ballaugh, and Sulby to Ramsey, whence the familiar road over the mountains by Snaefell and the Bungalow will carry the competitors back to the capital of the Island. Wednesday, September 23, is the date fixed for the race for the trophy presented by the proprietors of The Graphic, and the scene of action will be a three miles stretch on the road between Ballasalla and Foxdale. As the conditions require, the course is "up hill and down dale," although the gradients are not particularly formidable, ranging from 1 in 14 to 1 in 20 on the steepest part, with an average of about 1 in 30 for the remainder of the "collar work," the whole distance being as nearly as possible a straight run. On the same afternoon the Henry Edmunds Hill Climb is to be held from Ramsey to the Bungalow Hotel on

Photo *Eolak*

The New York-Paris Race: The German Car Reaches the Goal First

After being twenty-three weeks on the journey, the German Protos car, owned by Lieut. Koeppen, arrived in Paris on Sunday week

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EVERYTHING NECESSARY FOR KODAK PICTURE-MAKING FINDS AMPLE ROOM IN A CORNER OF YOUR GLADSTONE.

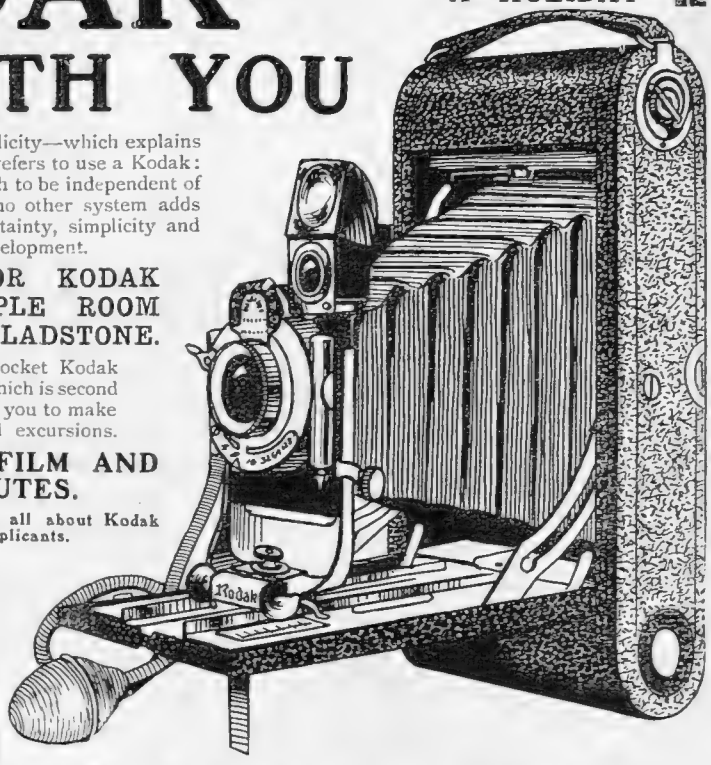
A Brownie Kodak (from 5/-) or a Folding Pocket Kodak (from 42/-) puts within your reach a pastime which is second to none in the delights it affords, and enables you to make lasting records of your holiday rambles and excursions.

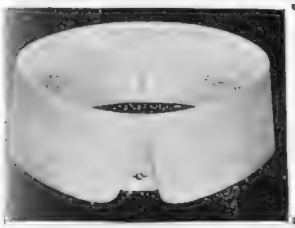
INSIST UPON KODAK N.C. FILM AND REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

Interesting, beautifully illustrated booklets telling all about Kodak Photography will be sent free to all applicants.

KODAK GOODS ARE SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

KODAK LTD., 57-61, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.
96, Bold St., Liverpool; 72-74, Buchanan St., Glasgow; 59, Brompton Rd., S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford St., W.; 171-173, Regent St., W.; 40, St and, London, W.C.





FOR THE OUTDOOR MAN. . .

Illustrated Price List of Latest shapes on request.

The "ALBANY" Collar, 2, 2½, 2¾, 2¾ins. deep. *Postage 3d. extra.* **3/-** Half Doz.

DRESS SHIRTS, our Celebrated "Matchless" Quality, **5/11** each.

Old Shirts made good as new with Neckbands, Cuffs, and Fronts, at **14/-** per half dozen, returned dressed ready to wear.

Gentlemen's Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, **7/11** doz.

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"SAVOY"

REAL TURKISH. REAL TURKISH.
A pleasure to smoke and a pleasure to anyone in your company. Made from the finest Turkish Tobacco imported direct. Guaranteed Perfection. Beautiful aroma. All high-class tobacconists sell them; 25, 2/-; 100, 7/0; or send 4/- for a 50 Trial Box Post Free.
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STRAKER-SQUIRE CARS

THE LATEST SUCCESS
The SHAMROCK
12-14 h.p., Four Cylinders,
£275 Complete.

SILENCE.
ECONOMY.
DURABILITY.

Also Higher Powered Cars, 16-20 h.p. and 25-30 h.p.

SIDNEY STRAKER & SQUIRE, Ltd.,
75, Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON, W.

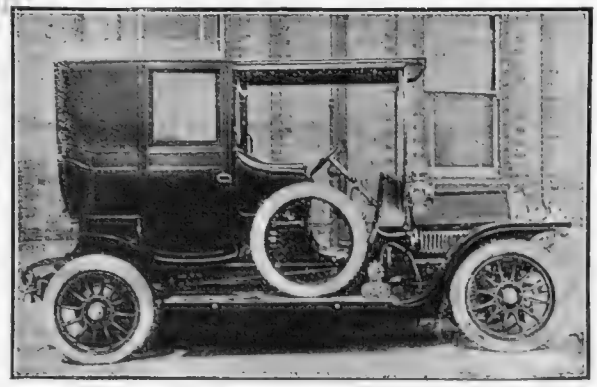
Snaefell over a road which includes the famous hair-pin bend, a mile or so from the seaport town.

* * *

The Eternal and Infernal Dust

I notice with some regret that the Society of Motor Manufacturers decided not to take part officially in the R.A.C. dust trials. The Committee of the Society opine that "more good will be done by attracting attention to the consideration of the roads so as to render them dustless," which, of course, is a consummation most devoutly to be wished, but the R.A.C. trials were designed to evolve the type of car which shall raise least dust, and as it must be years before we have perfect roads, and as the raising and dissemination of dust by swiftly moving cars is one of the strongest and most reasonable of the objections taken by anti-automobilists, any measures which can be taken effectively to minimise the nuisance should, in my opinion, command the whole-hearted support of the whole motoring community.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.



The New Type of 36 h.-p. Beeston-Humber Brougham

* * *

Miscellanea

H.I.M. the Kaiser, an ardent motorist, is adding further to his fleet of Adler cars, having recently ordered another car of 70 h.-p. The sole agents for these cars in the United Kingdom are Messrs. Morgan and Co., of 127, Long Acre, and 10, Old Bond Street.

In Hampshire a local bench of magistrates has agreed to state a case for the consideration of a superior Court on the point as to whether a motorist can be legally convicted for failing to produce a driving licence to a constable not in uniform.

Near Rubgy, between Cubbington and Milverton, there is a quarter-mile trap in operation during the week-ends.

On Saturday, August 29, the A.C.U. will hold an open race meeting at the Stadium.

H.H. the Maharajah of Nepal, who has recently concluded his visit to this country, has acquired a 30 h.-p. Daimler with "Blackdown" landaulette body.

October 24 will witness the Vanderbilt Cup race near New York.

Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd., have adopted E.I.C. ignition for their famous Metallurgique cars with the utmost success, fastest time being made at the Aston Hill climb in its class by one of these cars.

Any private owner experiencing radiator trouble should consult the Motor Radiator Manufacturing Company, whose works are in Tanner Street, Bermondsey, S.E.

Just outside Lancaster, in Burton Road, Warton, an able-bodied trap was the means of mulcting motorists of £40 and costs last week.

USE CARBURINE MOTOR SPIRIT.—For particulars apply to THE G. L. I. COMPANY, LTD., 7, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C. Telegrams: "Carburine, London." Telephone No: 4452 London Wall.

Mr. Harry Tates' Cricket XI.

(Left to right) FRONT ROW: L. B. Tappender, Geo. Pratt, Harry Tate, R. Abel, Jr., J. A. Sellers
STANDING: C. Hanbidge, Umpire Cates, T. P. Margetson, H. B. Mole, Geo. Cooper, B. Challenger

The well-known music-hall motorist is equally keen on the king of outdoor games, and runs an eleven which can give a good account of itself in the best company

MOTORS.

A Car
YOU WANT
ON
Easy Payments

Cash Price.	Car.	Cash Down.
£75	Germain, 15 h.p. -	£20 12 6
100	Peugeot, 7-9 h.p.	27 10 0
150	Hotchkiss, 16-22 h.p.	41 5 0

We have in stock at all times a large selection of reliable second-hand cars ready for the road immediately. These can be purchased by payment of a small sum down and twelve monthly instalments.

CARS ON HIRE CHEAP.

The London & Paris Exchange Motor Agency, Ltd.,

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WARWICK WRIGHT
LTD.,

110, High Street, Marylebone, W

will be pleased to demonstrate to you at any time the excellent characteristics and fine capabilities of the famous Metallurgique.

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COACHBUILDING.
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METALLURGIQUE

"The Science of Metals."

Expresses for Scotland

LEAVE

ST. PANCRAS STATION

ON WEEK-DAYS AS FOLLOWS:

5.0 a.m., for Glasgow, Edinburgh, and North Scotland.
9.30 a.m., for Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Perth, &c. Restaurant Cars to Edinburgh and Aberdeen.
9.45 a.m., for Glasgow, Stanraer, Greenock, and the Clyde. Restaurant Cars to Glasgow.
11.30 a.m., for Glasgow. Restaurant Cars.
11.35 a.m., for Edinburgh and North Scotland. Restaurant Cars to Edinburgh.
11.45 a.m., on Saturdays, for Edinburgh (Third Class only). August 1st to September 5th exclusive. Restaurant Car.
1.30 p.m., for Glasgow, Greenock, and Edinburgh. Restaurant Cars to Glasgow.
7.10 p.m. (Saturdays excepted), for all parts of the Highlands. Restaurant Cars to Sheffield. Sleeping Cars to Inverness. Will also run on Sunday, August 9th.
8.30 p.m. (Saturdays excepted), for Glasgow, Stranraer, &c. Sleeping Car to Stranraer Harbour.
9.30 p.m., for Glasgow, Edinburgh, and North Scotland. Sleeping Cars to Glasgow and Edinburgh.
12.0 (midnight), for Glasgow, Greenock, and the Clyde. Sleeping Car to Glasgow. Restaurant Car Carlisle to Glasgow.

Convenient connecting services from Leicester, Nottingham, Bristol, Birmingham, Derby, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Liverpool, Manchester, &c.

THROUGH CARRIAGES to all principal points.

BEST RESTAURANT SERVICE.

The Midland Railway Company will be pleased to make arrangements for the comfortable travel of passengers, the reservation of seats, &c., the collection, conveyance in advance, and delivery of luggage at destination, on notice to any Stationmaster or District Superintendent, or the Superintendent of the Line, Derby. Illustrated Pocket Folder, P.F.I., free on application.

DERBY, July 1908. W. GUY GRANET, General Manager.

FROCKS·FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The sales have closed down in a fizzle of further reductions, and exhaustion is written large on the faces of suffering attendants. Now there has set in that strange and mysterious process known as "stock-taking," only made visible to the outside purchaser by a peremptory demand to settle up accounts, "stock-taking" being stamped in bold, bad, and red letters at the foot of the bill in extenuation for asking for what, after all, is due.

And during stocktaking the pause is eloquent.

An Original Design for a Practical Moor Gown
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Behind the scenes, may
tentative suggestions, so
profound convictions, b
instinct that if they are
out, and if they are righ
more, however, we need
what is going to be, mo
directed towards tailor-n

A Retrosp

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pictorial presentments
fêtes, bazaars, etc., it is i
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of us are heartily weary
clinging petticoats. Th
be some consolation to m
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The woman who has re
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we get nearer autumna
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effects.

Fashionable Approv

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a supremely successful is
the vogue that the whole
slain by the cheap plagiari
made bolero. And give